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ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

Business in the Arts Awards:
An Interim Report

As announced on page 44, artists are now being accepted for the Ninth Annual Biquin/BICA Business in the Arts Awards competition.

These awards, which honor contributions for their support of the fine and performing arts, will again take the form of individual pieces of sculpture, cast, finished and signed by Isabella Marzocchi. This year's awards, honoring activities on behalf of artistic undertakings and organizations in the year 1974, will be of a distinctly different design, as was the case between the two previous years' awards, when sculpture began replacing the plaques that had been the winners' trophies in the earlier contests. Thus, repeat winners of this year's awards will receive conspicuously different tokens of their success, that can be readily distinguished from those they might have won for either 1972 or 1973.

As always, twenty new winning entries will be selected by the panel of distinguished arts and business leaders who consent to serve again this year as judges. Thus at least that many corporate names will be newly added to our growing honor roll, as repeat winners as well as awards won by firms outside the United States are always counted as artists, beyond the established goal of twenty "new" winners each year. To date, in addition to several score of citations for honorable mention, awards have gone to 170 American companies, and one each in Canada and Great Britain. With the past record of past awards and extraordinary winners, there is thus a strong possibility that this year will see the two hundred mark passed, a year ahead of the biennials.

This is appropriate, as this year's awards ceremony will be held in Philadelphia, to coincide with the beginning of the biennial celebration, in the latter part of May. The following year it will be held in Washington. Further details of time and place will be announced in next month's issue.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note the changing pattern of arts support that has begun to emerge in this relatively short span of time bridged by our first eight competitions.

In the beginning, the role of the major foundations, such as Ford and Rockefeller, was dominant in getting the movement off the ground and that of both business and govern-

ment was relatively minor. In the first years of our contest, right after the Rockefeller Fund Report on the Performing Arts had first discussed the inevitability of a growing dollar gap between income and expenses of the country's arts organizations, and the Ford Foundation had first stressed the role that threatened to engulf the nation's symphonies, the annual level of corporate support hovered around the twenty million mark. As for federal support, its abysmally low level in the first years after the establishment of the National Endowment for the Arts was never more poignantly characterized than when Ray Graham, in the speech at our awards ceremony in Atlanta, pointed out that as a governmental spending priority at that moment the arts ranked "just behind the amount of economic aid earmarked for Costa Rica."

Since those days, at the beginning of the Nixon Administration, both corporate and governmental support of the arts has been enormously augmented, the former going up from around twenty to about a hundred forty million in the next five years, and the latter rising even more substantially, on a percentage basis, from some five million to thirty-eight million on a national basis, doubly followed by thirty-four million at the state level.

It would be extraordinary to try to credit all that increase in business support, from 1959 through 1973, solely to the activities and influence of the Business Committee for the Arts, but certainly it is more than mere coincidence that these were the first years of the force of BICA's example and stimulus as the whole movement of corporate support and involvement in the arts. Similarly, the National Endowment cannot claim to credit, through its soliciting grants, for the entire growth of state art support (New York alone gives more than all the rest of the states) but beyond question it was the greatest motivating factor.

Foundation support of the arts, which totaled some \$294,000,000 in 1973, was exceeded only by the private sector's total of \$284,000,000 in the form of gifts and bequests from individuals. But the effect of both the tax and market situations could bring some even closer if both these major forms of art support, to the need for further growth in both business and (Continued on page 32)

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Chevelle's new



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If you're a new and expectant mom, you'll have a lot of questions about your baby's health and development. One of the most common questions is: "How often should I check my baby's weight?" The answer is: "Regularly, at every prenatal visit and after birth, during the first few months of life." This is because your baby's weight is a key indicator of their overall health and growth. In this article, we'll explore why regular weight checks are so important and how you can ensure your baby is getting the most out of their prenatal care.



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1/1/01	OPENING BALANCE		100.00
1/15/01	PAYROLL	50.00	150.00
2/1/01	RECEIVED	20.00	170.00
2/15/01	PAYROLL	50.00	220.00
3/1/01	RECEIVED	30.00	250.00
3/15/01	PAYROLL	50.00	300.00
4/1/01	RECEIVED	40.00	340.00
4/15/01	PAYROLL	50.00	390.00
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5/15/01	PAYROLL	50.00	490.00
6/1/01	RECEIVED	60.00	550.00
6/15/01	PAYROLL	50.00	600.00
7/1/01	RECEIVED	70.00	670.00
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FILMS JOHN SIMON

Ignorant Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* is not the great film maker's best film, and may not even be the best film of the year. But it is almost certainly one of the most important films ever made, if by importance we understand the possibility of art's influencing people in a positive way—a slight, elusive possibility, perhaps even an impossible one. But one that we must believe in if we are not to give up as art on humanity, either of which strikes me as giving up on life.

Originally, *Scenes from a Marriage* was an eighty-minute television episode, which, broadcasted once weekly in Sweden, virtually stopped all other activities. The series had to be seen a couple of times, and everyone watched, brooded on, debated the program. The marriage of Johan and Marianne became an exemplar, like a great chess game, a political crisis, or the struggle for survival of man trapped in a time shaft. People who previously were scarcely aware of Bergman's existence now became comfortable in his domain as he now worked under his influence, marriages broke up, while others were reconciled and mended. Bergman always viewed his films to be a craftsman's artifacts for people to use, like tables or chairs. With *Scenes from a Marriage* he had succeeded beyond all expectations.

The television installments were trimmed down slightly and fused into a four-hour film. This was initially meant to be shown as three acts, either in one or in two parts. Eventually, though, Bergman cut the film in two hours and forty-eight minutes (the hardest thing he ever had to do, he says), and, broken up from action in thirty-five minutes, it was commercially released. I shall refer to the original version as Q, to the middle version as M, and to the final one as F; having read M in the published screenplay and seen both M and F, I conclude that they have married in my mind, and that I can no longer speak about anything but a fused version with the fullness of Q, the incomprehensibility of M, and the wireless responsiveness of F. I advise anyone to see Q (Paramount Books, \$6.95) and read it; then see F and enjoy it more than they could M (otherwise) then start a written campaign to Donald Blaylock and Cinema IV for the theatrical release of M or the televising of Q or, better yet, both.

Only in such an exceptional case do

I recommend reading the script first. Even though *Scenes* was shot as a movie (this is an important distinction), it was intended for television, so much so that it consists mostly of close-ups and two-shots, and a great deal of dialogue. What was Bergman to do when this went abroad? A full complement of subtitles would detract much needed action from the faces, if not actually obliterate them. Dubbing in such steady close-ups would be distractingly recombinant, and besides, what voice-dubbers could match the vocal perfection of Luv Ullmann and Erland Josephson? He settled for sparse, selective subtitles as the least of evils, allegedly denigrating exactly which lines were to be translated. I think he underestimated our capacity; we are able to see all we need to and still read much more than is given us, some of the most



views being crucial. (I shall cite two of these later). So, please, read the book first.

Scenes from a Marriage is far more than what *Scenes* was for the Middle Ages. In its simple way, that methodical morality play embedded all the eschatological knowledge the average person needed to live and fix by, in a quiet manner, though less simple, why. Bergman's film seems up as far as all there is to know about love, sex, marriage, divorce—the life of a man and woman together and apart. In that sense, it is perhaps closer in its responsiveness to the great medieval syntheses, Thomas Aquinas, and can be viewed as a humane psychology and human emotion, most of all, a humane introversion. Alexander the great literary truths on love by writers like Ronsard, Kinsman, Cezaire, or Gide, we must now place this cinematic treatise on married love—edited, in ba-

sic man-woman relations—by the giant of Swedish and world film making.

The six "scenes" of the film chronicle ten years in the life of Marianne and Johan, a middle-class Swedish couple, he is an associate professor at the Psychobiological Institute (whatever that may be) and she a lawyer specializing in family law. In the first section, "Marriage and Peace," the two are deeply married to each other, with the husband dominant but neither spouse particularly aware of it, and with an undercurrent of frustration under the seemingly normal flow of married life. In one sequence, the couple, parents of two daughters, are being interviewed for a women's magazine as an ideally married pair, later we see them on dinner bowls to another couple, much happier than they are yet desperately needing each other even as they prepare for divorce. Finally, we see Johan and Marianne getting ready for bed, with all their psychological associations, but also with the comfortable formalizing definitions that enable them to continue together. (O contained an abortion sequence, but it seems to me less than essential.)

In the second section, "The Art of Separating Under the Rose," we get some of how true social and family obligations impinge on sexual pleasure, and a hint that Johan may be having a clandestine affair. We see the couple at work, Marianne commands, and is disturbed by, an older woman who, after a long and unfulfilling marriage, seeks a divorce, even though loneliness is all she can look forward to. Johan sees a young woman portrait—a colleague who is also his lover—as pinned up in a psychological experiment. She tells him that his poetry, far which he harbors secret hopes, is mediocre, which enrages him. In the following sequence, we see Johan and Marianne at second odds with each other, but carrying on as best they can without probing into their difficulties.

"Peace," the third section, takes place at the couple's country home, where Johan informs his now more than usually ardent wife that he is leaving her tomorrow with Paula, a young language student with whom he is off for a year in Paris. Johan disrupts his hostess; Marianne brings out all her devotion, jealousy, pathos, and almost morbid curiosity about Paula. They spend an odd



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zips together and have an even stronger breakfast, then he goes down, presumably through rubber shoes. On the phone Marianne finds out that her friends know about the whole thing for some time, and rage is added to her grief. In the fourth scene, John, now living with Paula, comes to his old home for dinner with Marianne, now the mistress of Daniel. It is an excruciatingly thrilling idea—fives though still married, they are also strangers; though dominating the prospect of his probable three-year guest stint at an American university and the concomitant advantage of a divorce, they end up ineffectually living with each other. They try irreverently, but she backs out, and he needs him, her masters of childhood and youth (set down at her analyst's instigation, and brilliantly illustrated by Bergman with snapshots of Liv Ullmann at various ages), but he falls asleep in the radio and up in bed together, but as they both seem, only transiently, incoherently.

In the fifth and most shocking scene, "The Eleventh," they meet in John's study, where he reads and signs the divorce papers. John's American job has fallen through, the Paula business is a failure, and his self-esteem is at its nadir; Marianne has been, success, married infidelity, and in addition, high. One last time, she seduces John on his office floor to prove to herself that she no longer needs him, when he catches on, he beats her savagely, and there is a hiatus physical and verbal fight. In the end, she leaves her, he signs the papers (only, she leaves with the observation: "We should have started fighting long ago. It would have been much better.")

The sixth and concluding scene, "In the Middle of the Night in a Dark House Somewhere in the World," takes place ten years after the first. Both Marianne and John have returned quite other people than their earlier selves, and also, on the whole, satisfied with them. But a year ago they met at the theatre and precipitately became lovers again. Now, with their spouses away on trips, they will have a weekend together, and their old love begins to burn. The memories are too painful, and they switch to a friend's cottage, which, however, is a mere 811, they had done quite pleasantly, exchanging sexual and other confidences. She tells about her marriage to a poet or a novelist, and he tells about his (which makes John uncomfortable), and confessions also to some early infidelity in her first marriage. She admits

to his repeated desire to be a small-town bookshop owner and live in one complicated calm. They have found an amazing new gentleness with each other, and wonder whether this is love, happiness, the best one can hope for. They say coolly wise things, but fall asleep, interrupted by the great question: surely, if at all, answered. The last few minutes of the film (identical in O, M and P) are among the profoundest and most moving moments I have ever experienced anywhere, but must also be read in the screenplay, where they constitute three or four pages of writing that is richly raucous, acerbic, and subtle.

Let me deal first with an objection to the film not borne out—namely: that it is too commonplace; that these people are so Everyman and Everywoman that they cease to be specific individuals; that the whole thing is too much of a feeble generalization. I disagree emphatically—especially after reading O and seeing M, both of which, also, are superior to E. But do not let this serve as an excuse for skipping the minuscule scenes. So, John and Marianne are not phantoms; they are individuals. Let us face it, great art, as Cechov was first to point out, is made up of commonplace. What is new is their form and style, even changes in mentality and expressions of feeling. But the bringing into focus of human needs, needs awareness, turbulent longings—their being made manifest for today's understanding—is always only great art's necessary condition on what great art has and before. More changes in some ways, but where the subjects are love and transience, the two fundamental themes, originally will always be only a commonplace given tangle, more elegant, more precisely poetic expression.

The fact that we have all known John and Marianne—the fact that we ourselves are, to a greater or lesser extent, John and Marianne—only increases their value for us. This would not be so if mere vocalization were everything, but something marvellous has been added: John and Marianne are more vivid, by justly, exemplify what we ourselves are. They represent our fears and wishes, weaknesses and virtues, more brilliantly and poignantly than we can. Early on Marianne remarks, "Sometimes it's as if husband and wife were making a landscape out of each other on frosty telephones. Sometimes it's like having two tape recorders with pre-recorded programs. And sometimes it's the great silence of outer space. I don't

know which is more horrible." Very suggestive, we say, but not put that last. The brilliance is in the sentence that precedes it: "I'm always coming across it in my work." In other words, Marianne, who shrewdly identifies the three horrors of marriage, can do so only in that of someone else, not in her own. Later, when John announces he is leaving, Marianne blames herself "Stop that," he says "It's as easy as you always to take the blame. It means you feel stronger and noble and sweeter and kinder." This is penetrating, but then the man is a psychologist and clearly understands. Yet just a moment earlier this comedy man said: "I know that you've had a good life. And actually I think I still love you. In fact in one way I love you more now than I met Paula. But can you understand this bitterness? I don't know what to call it. This bitterness, I can't let go any better word." This man who knows so much actually knows nothing.

What Bergman perceives devastatingly clearly is the central jockeying for power in the most intimate of relationships. But he knows also how necessary it all happens, how necessary these characters are of what they are doing. And so he makes them other things that are truer than they realize. When Marianne shows John a letter she got from Paula in which she tells him that she has come to understand John's bewilderment underneath which he is so unsure, John matters. "I've noticed that actually you can say anything you like about anyone at all. Because it's always you." This is on the simplest level this is merely a way of sloughing off Paula's insight, there is a greater verity here: we are all of us as she is and yet as she is—apart from it it is perfectly true: some conventional or ordinary feature in us will make every emotion at least partly his mark. But in another way, John's clever argument merely proves Paula's point: it is an imitation of his truth that makes him want to ridicule her precisely the reaction of a man with a feeble covering a basic selfishness.

The marvelous thing about *Scenes* is that while showing only two characters in great detail, and a few others only peripherally, it manages to convey a whole beautiful portrait of society—in economics, politics, social structure, family dynamics and thriving masochism—through casual remarks, shared glances, the feel of a room, the look of a glass of wine. It is a masterpiece of telling in the language of these highly ornamented, intellectual, sophisticated personages to achieve a pastoral intimacy, which

Jingle Bells

(Sing it our way. And make your Christmas merrier.)



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SCOTCH

BOOKS MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Henry James's letters tell us as much about himself as we choose a character was prepared to disclose. Taken together, they are as near as we get to writing an adequately scholarly literary biography, literary and biographical, in prose, and oddly unconvincing, yet still revealing something of the word, self-centered, worldly yet romantic temperament of their writer. The first volume of them, *Henry James's Letters, Impassably edited by James's felicitous and best biographer, Leon Edel* (Harvard University Press, \$25), covers the years 1845-1876, when James was acquiring his first contacts in Europe, and training himself to become a writer. Intriguing spells at the family home at 29 Quincy Street, Cambridge, he found envying, and though he quite enjoyed his life in New York as a literary journalist it was not the work of it. In the last letter in this collection, dated November 1, 1876, and addressed to his family from London (Stuyvesant Hotel, Dover Street) where he has just arrived, he writes "I take possession of the old world—ah!—it is appropriate it." As Dr. Edel points out in a note, the statement was prophetic, and marks the beginning of his long expatriation.

I personally find James the hardest man in the world to like, admire, and even read, but it has to be admitted that, as even these early letters clearly show, he had a great talent, which he developed with scrupulous care and industry, and which has been richly admired by discriminating critics. It was, however, an essentially static talent, which he elaborated—later, to an excessive degree—but which did not in the end seem to develop. His first letters to his family from Europe are rather better nor worse than subsequent ones. His impressions are strong, but stereotyped; they even seem to be rather expressions of impressions than of what he has seen and experienced. Take, for instance, his sentence to his friend Thomas Seignart Perry, his closest childhood friend, when Perry was on his travels but James had not yet taken root on his: "My heart was mightily shaken by your letter. I suppose I won't look to the time when we used to be in the cliffs at Newport in the fullness of our innocent boyhood, and run upon that eternal—immortal—seawall like and feast upon its blue expanse. . . . Rather hurry-

headed from a young man in his early twenties, is it not? Yet he went on writing sentences like that, only now, to the end of his days.

The intangible reason for James's first view of life was his chronic constipation. It was considered that traveling might effect a cure, or at any rate ease things a little. Also, he tried local remedies, at one point, according to his own account, being treated to two cathartics—though how and in what form, God alone knows. It appears to have brought some relief, but we never learn whether he is completely cured; in uncharitable moments one might suspect that, to judge by his prose style, he remained a lifelong sufferer. Accounts of travels and sight-seeing are almost invariably tedious, nothing narrows the mind more than, like eating, going to bed and fire in the no and up and down in it. James is no



exception, on the Continent he is neither better nor worse than anyone else. Where he comes to life is in his descriptions of literary figures and gatherings. Some of these are brilliant; for instance, William Morris' establishment in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, where he fabricates his unspeakable "stained-glass windows, tiles, ecclesiastical and medieval tapestry, altar cloths, and in fine everything quaint, archaic, Pre-Raphaelite"—and I may add concrete. Most of all is the picture of Morris' wife, Jane:

"Ah, my child, such a wife! Je suis ravine pas—she has to me still. A figure set out of a musical—out of one of Baudelaire's or Huysmans' pictures—in any that green but a faint idea of her, because when such an image puts on flesh and blood, it is an apparition of fearful and wonderful intensity. It's hard to say whether she's a great synthesis of

all the Pre-Raphaelite pictures ever made—or they a 'keen analysis' of her—whether she's an original or a copy. In either case she is a wonder. Imagine a tall lean woman in a long dress of some dead purple stuff, griddles of ivory (we of surprising size, I should say), with a mass of crisp black hair lumped into great wavy protuberances as each of her temples, a thin pale face, a pair of slanting and deep dark bewitching eyes, with great thick black oblique brows, joined in the middle and tucking themselves away under her hair, a mouth like the 'Grecian' in our frustrated Tennyson, a long neck, without any collar, and in her there of some daisy strings of outlandish beads—in the Complete."

His Raskin is also very fine, and his George Eliot even better: "... deliciously tedious. She has a few forehead, a dull grey eye, a vast position, nose, a large mouth full of uneven teeth and a chin and jawbones get a few faint puffs. . . ."

Without being aware of it, James was setting a fashion for many other expatriate Americans with dollars at the *American Express* and a fancy for being writers, artists, professors, living on the left bank and sipping absinthe. In time, expatriation became a growth industry, and took forms which James, with his New England respectability and middle-classness, would have found little to his taste. An account of this expatriate literature in the Twenties and Thirties is provided by Hugh Ford in his *Publishers in Paris* (Macmillan, \$9.95), subtitled "American and British Writers, Prose and Publishers in Paris, 1906-1960."

Ford, it seems, is professor of English at Boston State College, and from his previous publications (editor of *Nancy Cunard's Negro: An Anthology*, and *The Left Book Review*)—may be assumed to be a specialist on his subject. The veteran New Yorker Paris correspondent Janet Flanner comes before a foreword, and all the little problems and poisons and manias and hangovers concerned in the trade are knowledgeably paraded. What is noticeable, sadly enough, is how very little of the writing that came out of it all is as now memorable, and how much of it is already quite forgotten. What, when you come to think of it, did it all amount to but making straight the way for Mr. Groucho. Interest continues for some reasonable reason

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in *George Bernard Shaw and the terrible Tolkies*; there is some early Remarque; *Henry Miller* for what it's worth, and on and on. *Shogun* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. But what else? In two appendices Professor Ford lists the output of the Seixs Press, Shakespeare and Company, Contact Editions and other small publishing ventures of the periodicals like *The Little Review*, *Transatlantic Review*, *Immature* (spoiled a la e. e. cummings with a small "l"), which I remember well as a young man. All a dead world now, I should say. Shogun and Immature would not argue. In her foreword she gives a perceptive account of the late Sylvia Beach, a little New England lady of Presbyterian origins and an air of immense respectability who ran the Shakespeare bookshop in the rue de l'Odéon for a good many years. I once interviewed her on television and asked her why she had published *Ulysses* but declined *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Her answer, as I recall, was that *Ulysses* was a spiritual quest, but that *Lady* was not. I gathered was that she feared the subject of Lawrence's book distasteful, but did not understand Joyce's, and so agreed to publish it as a good reason as another for banning Joyce's, but not Lawrence's, publisher.

The odds against anyone writing an interesting, still less an amazing, book about the United Nations are very heavy. The secretariat's ritualized stiltedness, its leaders as producing vast quantities of words, written and spoken, and is only not an object of universal derision because most people, frankly, just take no account of it at all. Still, when the late P. M. Baker Jr. has pulled it off, his *United Nations Journals: A Disfranchisement* (Putnam, \$17.95) is both enlightening as an account of how the U.N. works, and a masterpiece in itself. Of course, he started with an intrinsically funny situation, viz. his own appointment to the seat vacated by Eleanor Roosevelt, adorned by Marjorie Tree, and agreed, as if you like the metaphor, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan—the U.S. representative on the Human Rights Committee. Could any secretariat in those two times seem less appropriate than Brockley? His anyone ever been a more sincere champion of human rights whose report, anyone would be the first to grant, did not exist, and if they did could not possibly be sustained by the U.N., a majority of whose members flagrantly disregarded all rights, human and other, and not a single one of whom could with hand on heart claim to

observe them as stated in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted and proclaimed by the General Assembly on December 10, 1948. Brockley ably provides the text of the Universal Declaration, and as one reads through its thirty articles the thought of, for isolation, the Soviet government and its sinister adherents it is seems, according to one's mood, either hilariously funny or a source of wonder that fire from heaven did not come down and strike Mr. Molotov dead as he appended his signature. Brockley just lets the Declaration and the proceedings speak for themselves. Early on he concluded that as the U.N., "I have become Substantive, and to seek not to give offense is not to give offense" (his italics). Thus he was able up to a point to participate, and, at the same time, to observe what was going on with visible detachment and detachment, rather as Gulliver did the affairs of the flying island of Laputa on his third voyage. In a sane world Brockley's book would be required reading for students of the international affairs, journalism, politeness and diplomacy. The world, however, as it is increasingly apparent, is not sane, so that works of slight partisanship can way or the other still continue to be preferred to this accomplished appraisal of one of the twentieth century's major follies.

The late G. C. Lewis was, without any question, the most effective Christian speaker of his time, both among serious seekers and at a popular radio broadcaster. Because he effectively retailed beatitudes, in the contemporary sense, a celebrity, when he died in 1968 at a great age, was known about his personal life. His own quite considerable autobiographical writings were posthumously more with his spiritual development than with the actual course of his life. This his many admirers—among whom I count myself—were eagerly awaiting a biography, which has now been provided by Maureen Roger Kennedy Green and Walter Hooper (G. C. Lewis: A Biography, Harvest/HBJ Press, \$19.95). Green being a former student of Lewis who became his close friend, and Hooper an American devotee who acted as his secretary at the end of his life. Their book is certainly not hagiography, but it writes in a cool and unadorned and unimpassioned way—and who shall blame that?—Lewis' own almost pathological reserve about the more intimate aspects of his life, and on their criticism as his works perforce err on the side of being too obviously false. Lewis was a fan of data. Apart

from a short spell of active service in the first world war, his whole life was lived, first at Oxford, and then latterly at Cambridge, as an erudite and highly articulate follower, listener, and ultimately professor in the Eng. Lit. department. His ways of thought and behavior were distinct though and thorough, as were even his jokes. He was elegant, a shabby room, drinking tea and smoking and talking with friends into the night. Jamie Moore, the mother of a friend of his who was killed in the war, was his occasional—and often a very constant—guest. She died in 1961, and late in life he married a refugee lady, Joy Davidson, who was dying of cancer. Against all the odds, their marriage was exceptionally happy. To me, at all times, there still remains something mysterious about this remarkable man, who showed so much fortitude and tenderness in what was, by and large, a rather bleak life, and whose writings—notably *The Screwtape Letters*, the disclosure of which was suppressed by Joy—helped many people to make contact with reality in a world ever more preoccupied with fantasy. Not to mention his children's books, which became classics in his lifetime. I hope very much that someone will one day write on from where Maureen Green and Hooper have so conscientiously and sincerely taken us.

I might have been supposed that when Hermann Goering chaired the pawns at Nuremberg by taking poison the world knew all it needed to know about him. Leonard Masley, in his biography of him (The Reich, Mariner, £12.90), slightly manages to disengage a real human being from the bathroom figure that anti-Nazi and war propaganda had made of him. Sometimes or other this fact will have to be faced that the Nazi leaders, horrible as they were, nonetheless belonged to our time, and can only be understood in relation to it. Thus, Goering, as presented by Masley, was a typical neo-romanticism, after a brilliant war record, found himself in the situation of the Weimar Republic and reacted accordingly. Drug addiction, which was used only to give place to pill addiction, a romantic marriage to an aristocratic Swedish lady who died, associations with Hitler which earned him a prison sentence of power and fame, and then the ignominy of defeat and trial as a war criminal and the death penalty at Nuremberg—Masley takes us through it all skillfully, readably and, insofar as I am able to judge, accurately. ■

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Do all things begin anew with each January and its concomitant DeWitt Achievement Awards issue of *Esquire*? You bet they do. Anybody who doesn't believe it is confirmed to repeat 1974, though, by the fact the truth we have this feeling that one of the principal burdens of the DeWitt Achievement Awards—to reward the world that it didn't work out so hot last year—must come courtesy of media rather than our own. However, the important hangings—like their predecessors, the *Savage* Watergate hearings of 1973—were like magazines in that, however (and the material at hand, you can always get it down to answer the phone, and then pick it up again later at what seemed like exactly the same place. The regular rotation of congressional speakers in their five-minute intervals past the whole of *Esquire* a periodical quality as well, for days at a time your favorite congressman's appearance became as dependable as your favorite morning paper. A lot of people's favorite congressman, when all was over, turned out to be Charles Wiggins of California, who shot, California-dubious, out of national obscurity to become the protal figure in the disavowal of the whole impeachment production. The laughs by great men rendered and kept, however, are not born yesterday, and in *The Ordeal of Mr. Wiggins* (page 64) we see the congressman taking upward through the night to become the weather vane, or pivot, figure, on top of Capitol Hill. Another James Folsom is new to *Esquire*, but not to Washington, since the Summer of 1972 he has worked for *The Washington Monthly*, where he is now an editor. Mr. Folsom grew up in southern California, near Congressman Wiggins' district, has been editor of *The Harvard Crimson* and a Rhodes scholar, was author and coauthor, respectively, of *The Water Lords* and *Who Runs Congress?* (see in Ralph Folsom's continuing series of educational, prearranged, and at present—try to appreciate this, readers of the Magazine for Men—at present he is living mostly in Texas, where, and because, his wife is in graduate school at the university in Austin.

Elsewhere in the magazine, awareness prevails in several places: T. Conaghan's Boy's appears here for the first time with *Mount of a Champion* (page 94); indeed, he appears for the first time ever in a na-

tional magazine. David Coddens (*Proper Thoughts on Ireland*, page 71) is new to *Esquire*, but familiar to all the English-speaking world since he was Washington and New York correspondent for *The Times of London* from 1958 to 1968. His most recent book, published last summer, was *The Devil's Den*, an illustrated chronicle of the Thirties. Sam Blumenfeld (*How to Marry a Bolshevik*, page 114) lives in Boston, where he is a freelance writer, chiefly on education; he is interested in the Rockefeller, he told us, derives from his general interest in Republican politics. "I dug up enough material for a book, and thought a piece on how to marry one would be a good vehicle for it. Except for John D., who made a billion dollars, they're just ordinary upstate New York people who happen to be rich."

Don Greenberg, who explains the issue, as to speak with his *That Old Black Magic* (page 139), is excluded from the novelty category only because he used to write for the magazine a lot in the Fifties; but that was so long ago that it counts as new all the same. He is, of course, the *Esquire* Don Greenberg, author, most recently, of the book *Stomping: A Second Memoir*, and is currently trying, he says, to put together a production of his screenplay from the book. That *Old Black Magic* may eventually form part of a book about his personal adventures in the occult. "I must say I'm feeling less now than when I wrote the article," he told us.

"That's too bad," we responded, looking for a clue.

"It's all right," he replied, proceeding to

Esquire was watching television last February during the awards presentation of the United States Figure Skating Association championships when Charles Ticknor failed to appear to receive his third-place medal in the Senior Men's event. Unfortunately, *Esquire* failed to discover that Mr. Ticknor had been the victim of an erroneously printed schedule and had simply gone home for the afternoon. Everybody associated with figure skating, and a lot of people besides, got the whole story straight very quickly, but we still had it wrong in last October's *Greenland Race Memorial Awards* of 1974, in which we accused Mr. Ticknor of bad sportsmanship long after the event. We were all wrong about that, and we're sorry. —

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HANGING OUT

ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

You want to produce a movie; it's a thing you just have to do. But without major studio backing, without owning a best-selling novel or hit play, and without a partnership with one of the few bankable superstars, how do you get a picture made? Perhaps if you follow the success case of New York-based Harry Eagle you may find some answers. The project described is purely fanciful while the latter, preposterous, and though Harry Eagle is not a name you may know, he is, in essence, a real person, a man dedicated to making movies, an independent producer since 1939.

At fifty-eight Harry Eagle has spent all his working life in the movie business. When he was nineteen, through his Uncle Charlie who managed a small chain of movie houses in Worcester, Harry got a job in the foreign-sales department of a major studio's New York office. Twelve months later he was let go, but after six months he was sent to the Paris office, raised to thirty-five dollars a week, and for three years, until the outbreak of the war in Europe, Harry learned about the movie business. In 1941, drafted into the U.S. Army, Harry spent the subsequent war years at the Army film studios in Astoria, Queens. There he helped make more than two hundred training films, learned how to adapt a picture, found himself rewriting scripts and working nights at Borsania.

The war over, Harry went back to the major studio's New York office, still in international sales, but he lived in a quarter a week, a reasonable rate every year. Then came the important week, when the Federal Government brought an antitrust action against the majors, forcing the film companies to divest themselves of their theater chains. No longer could major producers present an independent from looking his picture into any movie house in the country. And so in 1948 Harry accepted an offer from a company owned by three men who owned an extremely successful toy business and wanted to produce movies. With access to heavy sums of money the partners were sure enough to make participation deals with successful film directors and stars who yearned to operate out from under major studio structures. Paid five hundred dollars a week, Harry also given ten percent of the company. In 1950, having made eleven pictures, having

bought and arranged distribution of a number of foreign films, having pioneered in the sale of a lot of schlock movies, bought for nearly nothing, to low-eight television, the partners sold out for a capital gain to a major film company, which was now part of a burgeoning conglomerate. After taxes, Harry's and a million one. At forty-two, a millionaire with a wife, a son in private school, and a Park Avenue apartment, Harry Eagle was determined to stay in New York and produce pictures that represent the best of East Coast film making: real, tough, unshock and meaningful. He knew how.

Well, these days Harry Eagle is mostly curious. In fifteen years Harry has managed to produce five pictures, all of quality, none to bring home Two lost money, one broke even, one was a moderate success,



and one a hit. But because Harry's pictures must be financed and distributed by a major company, and because the bookkeeping is controlled by that company with charges included for overhead, distribution costs, prints and advertising, even the hit, which cost a million eight to produce and was reported in *Variety* to have crossed nearly nine million dollars, brought Harry little profit.

A combination of his losses, years when he had no income at all, and the plunging stock market has reduced Harry's 1958 million one to a 1964 three hundred thousand, give or take a few dollars. But is Harry Eagle discouraged? Not at all. He and wife Rose have taken a smaller Park Avenue apartment, but now Charlie (named for his late great-uncle) is out of the house and into a law firm which specializes in show business; the Eagles have their best house

in Queens and the Mercedes 480, and Harry just knows that his next picture will be a blockbuster, so his cash even the most careful bookkeeping can't hide the kind of profit that will make him a rich man.

A few days from now Harry Eagle will take a stack of seven books out of the New York Society Library. Unable to spend a half million dollars for a current best seller or a hit play, Harry must find his success in older books. He reads selectively, choosing volumes that he believes might catch the spurs of a popular trend. He once made a spy picture, but spun out too slow, his big hit was in the youth area, but youth pictures have also become unfashionable. *Conquian!* Too hard to find. And so he carries home a half dozen private-eye novels when... *zing!* He hits one. A faded dust jacket tells him that one of the books, *The Sparring Pigeon*, was written in 1932 under a pseudonym by Raymond Chandler. Fantastic! a great story of a retired Los Angeles cop drawn into a political campaign when one of the candidates is accused of murder. Fifteen minutes after closing the book Harry has decided that updated (because he doesn't want the costs of making a period film) and moved to a New York locale (because he won't produce out of a Hollywood studio) the story will work like a charm.

At five-thirty the next morning, afraid he will learn that *Pigeon* is owned by one of the studios, long buried on a dusty shelf in California, Harry calls one Charlie, who has access to all information on film Harry rights. While waiting for Charlie's return call Harry rereads *Pigeon* twice. What the book lacks in sex, the author repays in profanity; preserving the latter liberty will see to it that the obligatory Seventies sex is added. *Tenacity!*

At six-thirty Charlie calls with the relieving news that no film company owns the book. Charlie also tells him the name of the California agency representing the author's estate and the woman agent to be contacted. Two weeks later, after some down expensive phone calls, charges all carefully noted, Harry owns a one-year option on *Pigeon*. And that's the end of the first and perhaps price of fifty thousand. With heavy fingers Harry writes his personal check for the fee, but his intention is to lay this money off immediately to a distributor; and certainly the forty-five thousand will

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the paid cost of production loans long before the year is up. Instantly, then, Harry calls an executive friend at the New York office of Continental Artists, which, like United Artists, owns no studios, produces no films of its own, but finances and distributes independently made pictures worldwide. On the condition that Harry sets a lunch date with his Continental Artists friend, Harvey—interesting, one might say, the coincidence—then calls to Charlie's office where his script's secretary puts off Xerox copies of the book free.

At lunch the next day Harry gives Harvey one of the copies, explains that the film can be made for a million less, that to buy the book, have a script written and involve a director will involve a million dollars. A mere seventy-five thousand dollars. The million-five estimate does not of course include a major star like Redford, Newman, Hoffman, McQueen, Warren Beatty or Burt Reynolds, any one of whom would be perfect for the lead part. Harry does not tell Harvey that he plans to put himself in for a hundred-thousand-dollar producer's fee plus expenses of about fifteen cents a day, but he does say that he will charge nothing, make a few office expenses, for developing the project to the point of production. Right now Harry was one hundred percent of the deal, but actually he's prepared to surrender the same. For his percent to the distributor plus whatever other percentages are necessary to get a name actor and director. Harvey listens politely, almost as Harry says the sixty-two-dollar lunch check, leaves with the book.

Four days later Harvey phones Harry to tell him that while he found the book interesting, he also found it very much like *Chinatown*. That's good, Harry says. No, that's bad, says Harvey. Well, says Harry, it can be changed as he can be like *Chinatown*. Fine, says Harvey: when Harry has a script he'll be happy to read it, and if the script attracts a star like Newman, Redford, McQueen or Hoffman, . . .

For the next three weeks Harry continues every motion picture company with offices in New York, but not one offers Harry any more hope or said that Continental Artists if they are a script, of a star will consider . . .

Because Harry knows Paul Newman and Dustin Hoffman personally he is able to call such on the phone and get a personal response. He reads the book instantly. Both warn the producer that they are booked a

couple of pictures in advance, but Harry says he'll be happy to wait. He has to get to Michigan and Redford through again, but because he is Harry Enloe, a man with a good reputation and a lot of friends, he's assured the stars will be happy to read the book right away.

Within five weeks Harry has gotten polite turn-downs from all four stars. Yes, the book is interesting, maybe a little too much like *Chinatown*, but if they see a script, and if their schedules allow. . .

Every Thursday night Harry plays in a poker game where one of the regulars is Paddy Chayefsky, and the next Thursday, while sandwiches from the Carnegie Deli come are being distributed, Harry tells Paddy about the book. Chayefsky says he no longer works on material that isn't his own, but if he did he would charge four hundred thousand dollars. Harry laughs, then tells in a hundred-thousand-dollar pot, forty-five dollars one of whom Chayefsky's Paddy tells Harry that he should try to get Walter Burns, another New York screenwriter, who, Paddy says, is available.

At twelve-thirty the next day Harry meets Walter Burns for lunch at the Russian Tea Room. Harry knows that until 1950, a year when the movie business sort of went into the wilderness, Burns's price for a script was a hundred fifty thousand dollars, but now, the old partner Leroy Gross, Burns works for short front money and a lot of promises. Old acquaintances, Harry and Walter have a jolly lunch, and the writer leaves with a copy of the book. At ten that night Burns calls Harry at home, he likes the book, sees a way to make it much different from and even more successful than *Chinatown*.

Now Harry has a problem. He knows what the deal with Burns will be. Forty thousand dollars for the script—ten thousand on advance, fifteen on delivery of first draft, ten on delivery of second draft; and five thousand dollars after a final polish. If the picture is made, Burns will get another sixty thousand on completion of principal photography, an additional twenty-five thousand out of (possible) first profits, and three percent of (highly questionable) subsequent profits. The problem is the first ten thousand dollars, to be paid immediately, not to mention the remaining thirty thousand.

On Tuesday nights Harry plays gin at the Franks Club, where one of the regulars is a socks manufacturer named Leroy Gross, a man in his sixties who has a few business ideas. Leroy has always had great respect, even awe, for Harry. He has

seen all of Harry's pictures, and on radio nights at the Franks when Harry is not in town he goes to Harry's always there with his young blond wife, always insists on picking up Harry's check. For years Harry has thought of Leroy as senile, senile, being a sewer.

In a meeting that lasts exactly twenty-five minutes, Leroy agrees to become Harry's partner in the development of *Pigeon*. A great! In return for underwriting the five-thousand-dollar option money and the forty-thousand script fee, plus a call on thirty more for unforeseen expenses, his package from money for a director, Leroy will get one third of all of Harry's income, including his production fee. When the film is made, Leroy will receive all his advance out of the production money. Harry leaves Leroy's Thirty-sixth Street office with a signed letter of intent and two dozen pairs of French-husk socks.

Ad as the script gets written, but not as quickly as Harry hoped or as Walter Burns had promised, slowly Burns has taken a part twenty job for another month, as he is making it a move of the week for television. And so, a script promised in eight weeks is delivered in fifteen, during which time Harry gets a lot of phone calls, all friendly, from his full-time partner Leroy Gross. Winter business summer before Harry has his first look at the initial draft of *Pigeon*. Printing, but needs a lot of work; not a script to show a distributor, a star, or a movie manufacturer. Burns is to be in leave in Queens, Harry and the writer work for nearly a week, agreeing on substantial changes, after which, wearing enthusiasm, Burns agrees to work on second draft. Six weeks later the draft is delivered, and Harry is pleased; but with more work to be done Harry decides to spend the polish before submitting the script to studios. In three weeks Burns is finished. Harry is happy. Walter Burns has done his job. For a fee of fifteen hundred dollars, paid by Gross, a production manager budgets the script to a total of a million six. Not bad, and Harry knows where he can cut some fat if necessary.

Over the next three months, for varying and to Harry unifying reasons, the script is rejected by every top star, every top director, and every distributor who reads it. The stars are too busy, or the parts are too small, or the directors are booked two or three years hence, and no distributor will take a chance

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worked as a top star and/or director. Harry is versatile, and the phone calls from Gross have turned up. Harry no longer plays gin at the Friars in some desperation. Harry goes back to Harry at the editorial Arts & Crafts. Harry is on record as liking the script a lot, and maybe a deal can be salvaged. Yes, Stanley says, he does think the script can be made into a big picture, and if Harry can get a director of talent and if he can get a second-rank star, and if he can budget the picture for under a million dollars.

Two weeks later Harry gets a commitment from director Perry Franklin, rising out of low television in the Fifties. Franklin is a decent, respectable and profitable film in the Sixties) has lost these pictures, however, lost money. Harry proposes that he himself Franklin work up front for no money, but the director insists that Harry get a thousand dollars against a fee of a hundred fifty thousand plus fifteen percent of the profits. Afraid to call Gross personally, Harry persuades an associate to contact the manufacturer's lawyer; and after some telephonic complaints and a demanded meeting with Franklin, where the director expresses no doubts that the picture will be made, Gross turns over the ten thousand.

Harry pines the budget. Working over the script with Franklin the two professionals turn around, an entire sequence is cut, expensive location moves changed or shortened, the cast total reduced. Harry checks the producer's fee by hand, and the budget is now under a million dollars. But the final book, the leading actor, proves insurmountable. Harry submits a dozen names; none is acceptable to Continental Artists. The mention of George Peppard brings a frosty smile, James Garner a cynical laugh. In three weeks Harry's option on the book will lapse; the agent for the author's estate is not interested in extending a free option, and there is no possibility that Leary Gross will pick up the full cost of the book. In fact, Leary's last phone call carried a veiled threat of various men coming to lose as Harry.

So, a miracle is needed, and of course a miracle occurs. No film is ever made without at least one miracle. Ten days before Harry is completely dead with Pigeon he gets a call from the California agent of a cell, not Warren Beatty but a star of equal magnitude, Stanley Don-
ing. Stanley has read the script and is extremely interested in being the star of Pigeon. Harry is thrilled and stunned. Knowing that Stanley was

booked until 1977, it was now supposed to be starting production with a film made by his own company. Harry hadn't even bothered to send Stanley a script. What happened? Well, the agent says, dozens of conference dinners, among them an unbreakable script, have caused the star to cancel the current picture. He's available and willing to work. Stanley gets a million-dollar-plus fee, the agent a week's expenses, against his personal of the gross; in Harry prepared to talk a deal? Putting the agent on hold Harry calls Harvey at Continental Artists. Harry gets Harry on hold and talks the president of his company, a man who maintains his office by virtue of his ability to make a decision. The word is go!

To prove his vital interest, Stanley Stansley skies in the red-rose from L.A. to meet with Harry at the soon the following day in a suite at the Sheraton-Netherland. All morning Harry meets with the people at Continental Artists. Poured the one-million-dollar budget, nature the original script. With Stanley the picture can go to four million and so on will complete.

At the Sheraton, Harry has coffee while a sleepy but extremely charming and enthusiastic Stanley Stansley dining into a breakfast steak. Showing all his editorial teeth, he'd to meet Harry at last, eager to work with a producer he respects. Stanley has a swell idea for the girl to play opposite him—Greta Garbo. Who? Yes, says Stanley, that new Canadian chick who was so great in Paul's last picture. Stanley has never met her, but he'd be glad to call Greta personally to ask her to make the picture with him. Fine, says Harry, and remember it, Greta Garbo is perfect for the part.

Still smiling, Stanley says there are a couple of little problems, and Harry, smiling back, says like what? Like the director, Stanley says. Perry Franklin is his, but Stanley prefers to work with Jerry Shaw who was to direct his canceled picture. The fact is, Stanley admits, Shaw's commitment is still on; he's on the book to Jerry for three hand-drawn grand, and he has no intention of changing his mind. Let Continental Artists settle with Franklin and pick up the tab for Shaw, a great director.

What else? Harry asks. Well, says Stanley, he doesn't want to work in New York. Not that he wants to leave Los Angeles, but he says quickly, which would be bad for the picture, but San Francisco would make a fine location. But that would require a rewrite, Harry says, and Stanley an-

swers that these changes can easily be made along with other necessary changes. Changes? says Harry. Yes, says Stanley, the thing is, he won't play a cop, even a private one. Too much like Jack in Chinatown or Steve in Death or Paul in Harper. The guy should be a newspaperman. But that's a big change, Harry says, and Walter Burns is already on four new pics, totally unmovable. Forget Burns, Stanley says, he's got a writer or he'll make all the changes in two weeks, and it'll cost the picture only fifty thousand dollars.

Silent for a moment, Harry pours a third cup of coffee. There are certain changes he knows he knows he'll make. Eighty-eight years old with shagging capital, and most films today are produced by long-haired youths who sit around Beverly Hills offices wearing jeans, sandals, and blowing grass all day. He also knows that Continental Artists will happily pay for a rewrite as well as settling with Perry Franklin. Harry will lose a friend but gain a picture. It won't be easy, though in two weeks, when he sends Stanley's signature on contracts, the star will be shocked up with Greta Garbo in the Canary Islands. Because Stanley is a monumental pain in the ass a picture which should take twelve weeks to shoot will probably stretch to sixteen. There is a little doubt that at some point, bumped by Harry's daily demands to maintain schedule and budget, Stanley will have his hand from the loaves.

But if Stanley will work, really work, if he won't just work through the picture to collect his million dollars at the other end, Pigeon can be a good film. Yet even then Harry will have a hassle. He'll have to fight Continental Artists for an improved and useful ad campaign, and he'll especially have to fight for a premiere release on East Side house in New York, not a multiple release in drive-ins. And he'll have to fight for an honest agent, which is a job, but there's always the chance the few points he has left will be worth something. At worst, by getting the picture made, Leary Gross will recoup his money and Harry can pay the bills for another few months without dipping into capital, maybe even before the deadline for a deal on the picture. And so Harry smiles, a good poker player who knows when to fold his hand and wait for another, who knows when simply to call, smiles at Stanley Stansley and asks if there are any other problems. Stanley tosses his long locks, laughs, and says none that he can think of for the moment. Well then, Harry says, putting out his hand, let's make the picture. 40

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SPORTS

ROGER KAHN

J Walter Kennedy, the czar of basketball, walked into the special office, doffed his blue ring and said, "All right. Let's plunge into the day." As if in answer, the telephone began wailing subdued, sporadic sounds of alarm.

Kennedy was calling from California. "We've been winning each other," Walter Kennedy said. "Let me tell you what I know and then let's see if we can piece everything together." The line was noisy, but Kennedy smiled. Then the talk wound with references to networks and the Rand Corporation.

What had been happening, it developed, was one more exercise in contemporary pragmatism: basketball had been conceived as a product of Kennedy's empire, the National Basketball Association. That product, in one way or another, is basketball games.

If you live in Manhattan, you can watch the New York Knicks live from the language of your bedroom, after paying dues to a cable-television company. The Knickerbocker management has contracted with the cable people, which is legal and even acceptable.

If you live in Manhattan and possess a hi-fi/cablemate in electronics, you can do something more. Granted a luxurious set, you can pipe games from your rooled cable and sell them to other cable companies from here to San Clemente. One may be shaky on the relevant electronics, but each staff is better to technicians who own solder.

"This is going on," Walter Kennedy said, from his black leather throne in Manhattan. He gave examples, speaking with a good sense of the specific, he majored in journalism at Notre Dame. "And there are other problems. When the Knickerbocker went to peak, we discovered some of our best games were being piped into the Philadelphia suburbs and we believe even into Philadelphia itself. At the time, the Philadelphia team, the 76ers, was not out of our most active franchises. The Philadelphia owners complained that people were skipping their box office to stay home and watch the Knickerbockers play the Boston Celtics."

Revealingly, spent some time with lawyers, I made a largely proposal: "The cable people are stealing. See the lawyers?"

J. Walter Kennedy has spent more

time with attorneys than I. "Before you bring an action," he said, "you want all the facts and you need to foresee eventualities beyond a single act. A survey first could tell us more than we know of the extent of this unauthorized use of our games. But there's more."

Kennedy is a roundish man of sixty-one, bald, stalked by back pain and vibrant with vitality. As he talks, the brown eyes brighten with intensity and he seems to shed his years.

"It's been held," he said, "that a bullet company or the producer of an opera is entitled to a royalty for any televising of the work. There is no dissent on the books regarding basketball. What we need from Rand, or some such company, is a reading on the mood of Congress and the F.C.C. How strong is the feeling, if any, that the National Basketball Associa-



tion is a trust? Can we be hit with rulings or a new antitrust law specifically directed against us? Would a cable-television act trigger such legislation? That's what we're trying to determine."

"Do you have a law degree?" I asked.

"No. But thirty-five percent of my time is spent on legal matters. Depositions. Arbitrations. All the rest. I don't like that. That's not what I came here to do. It's cutting after the season."

James Walter Kennedy, polo veteran, Knute Rockne disciple, basketball maven, publisher of the Harlem Globetrotters, politician and at length the czar, is an individual who works within a system. It is his nature to afford means, to coordinate all reasonable things and to trust the Democratic party. He is also practical—the bright brown eyes have been—crossing is he does from

Depression times to the extravagant prosperity of games today. As czar, he earns a reported \$150,000 annually. But during this reign, which began in 1963, he has retained his former life-style. He has stayed in the same suburban house and added only a backyard swimming pool, where he can ride a rubber raft and take business calls via an electronic telephone extension cord, his other arrival luxury.

Modest he is a man devoutly in love with sports, and recently he was listed simply to let the play commensurate-for-a-day. That is, to watch him handle his directorship of the most successful basketball league on earth. He ranged from powder to perspiration to polished, to keepers during twelve hours that he called routine. Pressures permitted, but one never left the sense that this was a man who believed in sport for what it is at its best: some striving toward a common goal, discipline, grace, extravagant people, endearing volatility, integration, perfection, and finally, and most important, fun.

The dream, to be sure, is to play the game. In the common parlance of boyhood, we hit the Marlin, cover a basketball like the White Bear, and win like Crooks. Polo ripped these fantasies from Kennedy before he was ten years old. (He still walks with a limp.) Growing up in Stamford, Connecticut, he accepted the summer drive to a lap "All right," he says, "I couldn't play. But I could participate. I could umpire. I could keep score. I could make up new games and I could be a statistician. As a kid I was called a Square Pillart."

He went from Stamford to Notre Dame and as a freshman in 1939 presented himself to Knute Rockne's secretary. "There's never been a coach like Knute before or since," he says. "You cannot imagine what a hero he was." Kennedy asked for an appointment and the secretary told him to leave his dormitory room number and to send a call.

"I was his young," Kennedy says, "he made that I was getting brushed. Then suddenly out of the office came Rockne." In translucent tones, the slim, happy young man said he wanted to work for the Notre Dame Athletic Department.

Rockne passed and left Walter Kennedy musing that he was getting brushed. Then suddenly out of the office came Rockne. "What can you do?"

"I can type," Kennedy said, "but if you want, I'd sweep out the press box after games."

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"Do you have a broom?" Roche said.

Without a broom, Kennedy shook times press releases. Five times that season Roche passed him on the scenes. Always the coach greeted him and finally he asked, "Do you have a new broom yet?"

Sheldene said Kennedy gaped at Roche's wack. "Do you know him? Coach Roche talked to you?"

"Sure I know him," Walker Kennedy said. "The coach and I are friends."

Morning at the National Basketball Association attached Kennedy with a variety of problems. This is the team's twenty-fourth year and there was a question of selecting a gift for newspapermen who will cover the All-Star Game in Phoenix. Kennedy has been president of a club called the Sheldene, formed in times of sharper prejudice for no purpose except to have someone talk, say who, which accepted Jews, Catholics, even Wacos. The Sheldene problem, as a money money club, shows a message that a money machine on the team. A member arrived and Kennedy explained that he wanted the Sheldene money club adopted to bear the children of the N.B.A. as a motto for the press. Next, he accepted instructions to speak at games and booster luncheons in Atlanta, Cleveland and Detroit. He dictated a letter to Kansas Kennedy adviser at the Jewish Kennedy Foundation, which organizes a special Olympics for retarded children. Retarded children have some secrets at basketball and Kennedy was instructing at the league's writers and general managers to lead him and talent to the projects.

A week earlier, the Atlanta Hawks and the Golden State Warriors had battled through a arbitration over the rights to a money forward named Clyde Lee. After presiding in a hearing room among wall-to-wall lawyers and considering one hundred fifty pages of testimony, Kennedy awarded Lee to Atlanta. Then a San Francisco fax named Ralph Seligman wrote that he was requesting a refund of his season tickets. Kennedy wanted, then dictated a pleasant note, ordering a press release outlining the reasons for his decision.

Frank Cyba, chief of the Library of Congress Division for the Blind, had written to ask that this season's schedule be printed in Braille. Thousands of blind people follow basketball as radio. Kennedy agreed and asked to ask each N.B.A. sportscaster to announce where the schedule are available.

The phone sounded. A physician

wanted Terrey Brown was waiting. Dr. Brown, thirty-seven, as a Johns Hopkins graduate whose special field is upper, downward. "We don't know how many. If any, of our glasses are drugs," Kennedy said. "We suspect the number is minimal, but some about, notably New York, but tough drug laws that pointedly make no exceptions. A career could end. We've hired Terrey to go around and address each team, so that the players know not only the law, but also the physical effects of pills or what-ever. Hello, Terrey."

Brown, a tall, soft-voiced man, reported briefly on the talks. Kennedy listened intently and then remarked that if Brown was about his talks today, he might have made the N.B.A. himself.

At lunch Kennedy permitted himself a dagger and the honor of remembrance. He has met several poets, he said, beginning with Pina. But he was about his talks today, he might have made the N.B.A. himself.

"Ah, Terrey," the Pope said. "I understand they are men of great skill. Would it be possible to arrange a demonstration?"

In the New York restaurant, Kennedy considered his drink and smiled. "Can you imagine a better public-relations break? We set things up in the courtyard of Christ the Redeemer and that's how the Gladiators came to play for their small audience over One man."

"And possibly God," someone suggested.

During the late 1980's, Kennedy left sport, not for maps of Star Wars and was successive elections. Formerly, he was asked to visit Rome as the minister-government representative on an American delegation. Pope John greeted him personally. "Mr. Kennedy," the Pope said, "blessing. 'The President'."

"No, Your Holiness," J. Walter said. "It's the Kennedy without the hair and without the money."

That led as toward the present state of player salaries.

"In the great years of the Knickerbockers, both guards, Walt Frazier and Earl Monroe, owned Bulls-Royce," Nick Corrao, the league publicity man pointed out.

"It's a free society," Kennedy said. "Any man is foolish not to negotiate for as much as he can. But certain owners may very well feel themselves in a position of paying more in salaries than they take in at the box office. That and cable TV are our only generating problems."

"How about the reputation which President Ford says do not exist?"

"So far, we haven't been located.

Season-ticket sales are up. But we'll be monitoring sales more carefully all season."

In the afternoon, Steve Gordin, a lawyer who is Kennedy's administrative assistant, entered to report on a trade. It is a Kennedy rule that all trades be preceded by a conference call. Gordin said that takes the general managers across each legal point.

"That prevents litigation and disputes," Kennedy said. "To them anything seems that a trade that has to be executed."

"Generally," said Gordin, a slim, bespectacled man of thirty-five, "both sides are in a hurry to get the call over with. The psychology is that each team thinks it's doing something new on the other. If there's too much talk, they're both afraid the other will wiggle free."

Nick Corrao appeared with them from newspapers in each N.B.A. city. There was more correspondence and half a dozen phone calls. Later, Kennedy would watch a game at Madison Square Garden and then, the car business having lost a car, he would catch a late commuter train home to Stamford.

The N.B.A. hired Kennedy first to get its games on network television and second to provide over an orderly expansion. There was no network besides that in 1982 and Kennedy had to create to draw a \$500,000 contract from ABC. The current network contract pays the league somewhat more: \$9,000,000.

The N.B.A. of 1982 consisted of nine teams. Today there are thirty-two. An existing franchise then sold for \$400,000. The most recent available franchise costs \$4,500,000. Even allowing for inflation.

Such sudden fortunes is partly a tribute to Kennedy's brilliance, but in a sense, he is a victim of his own gifts. No man buys a team for eight million. At that figure, a syndicate buys a team or a conglomerate does. The risk, leading individual operators, whom Kennedy is an expert, are vanishing. In their place come corporate executives.

Beyond that, another rule is at work. Whoever there is big money, one finds lawyers and of lawyers even, one finds big money. "I didn't go into sports," says Walter Kennedy, the old Stamford newspaper, "I spent a third of my time as a litigator."

When he steps down, the National Basketball Association will remain with its money. Then, one can be reasonably sure, the league owners will name as his successor an attorney. The hours of things, I believe the Knicks said. ■



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Entries are now being accepted in the 9th Annual Business in the Arts Awards Competition for the fine and performing arts. As in the past, recipients of 1974 awards (a maximum of twenty) will be selected by a panel of distinguished arts and business leaders which in previous years has included Marjorie Anderson, Olive Barnea, J. Carter

Brown, Leo Chorno, Joyce C. Hall, Stanley Marcus, C. John Radel, Mrs. Joseph Rouse, Roger Stevens and Peggy Wood, now being told year's panel, now being formed, will be announced in the February Esquire. Procedures for entering are relatively simple; all that is needed is a letter in which a corporation has been engaged.

If you are an arts group and have received help from a business sponsor during the calendar year 1974, write about it. Just outline the nature and extent of the company's assistance and tell us what impact it has had. The company may have taken the initiative in offering you its support; if so, tell us about it. If you are a business firm who conducted your own

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- (1) the legal corporate designation and the nature of its business;
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Please do not send typewritten letters, since these cannot be reviewed by the judges. Should you care to submit these to BCA for possible use in their educational programs, but not for purposes of the Awards competition—address them to the Business Committee for the Arts, 1709 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019

knowledgeable audience. One guess should be noted, however: Martin Aronson's Amica. Having watched this profoundly classical artist suffer at opening nights in New York at fabled roles that overbore her humor and beautiful but relatively inflexible voice, I was delighted to find her cast in a part so well matched to her natural equipment. Whenever she sang, the opera came alive.

Miss Aronson, unfortunately, is not on the new RCA recording, in which Amica is sung by a hollow-voiced Kofu Bonaventura. The Bonaventura is Piero Capparelli, who was also Chicago's Dago. He delivers moments of considerable power, but his baritone has a peculiar register break in a place that Verdi used sparingly, which means that there are also moments of considerable trouble. RCA's and Chicago's Francis a. Raymond Raymond, who simply does not go low enough to handle the role. Where RCA triumphs is in the Colorado Adorno of Placido Domingo, who has been singing of late more beautifully than any other singer in the world, even Pavarotti; and in the conducting of Giampaolo Guarnieri, a much underestimated scholar-performer, who has something to say about this opera, and comes very close to making it a unified expression. The excellent recording, incidentally, is Italian, employing EMI rather than (as has been the recent pattern) Karajan forces.

George also has a new recording: RCA opera recording of Puccini's *La Bohème*. This one is not Italian at all—the orchestra and chorus are English, the conductor is Zeltz, and the other leading roles are taken by Hermonie Cobelli, Gerald Sillars and Judith Blegen. Every one of these roles is sung as well as I have ever heard it sung, and this piece is not given right. If you brought back the corpse of the Golden Age in all their glory, you would have no better.

Maning observed in these pages last spring that I thought Miss Rogers' voice would record well, but no call attention to the very special qualities of her Montez, with its imperious, heart-breaking femininity. People who love this vastly popular opera (which I don't, really, though I see why others do) may be a bit concerned at Rogers' occasional and un-Italian regional overtones. I think it needs a shot or two right where he sings, and that the endurance of his children's chakra, the nature of his liberating civil down, are accomplishments of the sort that should make critics shut up.



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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Home, know: Just back from Macao where I covered the opening of a new bridge on the hydrofoil running between here and Macao I noticed something strange. Some of the Chinese passengers on the regular trip from Macao seemed fatter than those who had made the trip with me to Macao. The food in Macao wasn't all that great, so I asked Jimmy Chen, the Hong Kong tailor who has been covering the不可思议 (Dreadful) for me for the past twenty years or so, for an explanation.

"No, difficult," said Jimmy (His Charlie Chase delivery is a gem). "Macao Chinese worried what happens. Portuguese police, the government, people maybe, too friendly. However, maybe People's Republic take over Macao. Macao Chinese take out money. Fat passengers wear money belt."

Last, difficulties are, as changes are that when you read this Macao will still be an Portuguese as it has been since 1557—the oldest European settlement in the Orient. But it's going to be a new tourist destination. Well, maybe not exactly, since the only truly new place is islands that sometimes occasionally throw up out of the sea. But recent events are transforming Macao's character.

The new bridge I saw depicted over the weekend, for instance. It's 2.1 miles long—no great feat for a bridge to go—but it links the Auen mainland with the island of Yung, and Tapa, in turn, is connected to a mainland with the island of Chikang, so the bridge triples the effective size of the colony. Before it was built, the only way to get to these islands was by ferry, and few people ever bothered. A local Chinese told me that the bridge was the largest thing that's happened to Macao in the past century. It wasn't easy. The opening was two years late and the cost was almost three times the original two-million-dollar estimate.

Right now the two islands are just low, wooded hills, paddy fields and sand beaches—all hiding on the crowded mainland (Plus fireworks factories on Yung). But great things are being planned, especially for the Colaba—that's the one farther out to sea. A one-hundred-million-dollar beach-resort-hotel complex—and that's U.S. dollars. Golf course, marina, studios, gun club, helicopter pad and a one-hundred-seat airplane. Plus a desalinator harbor for

private ships and freighters, and an international airport that will transform Macao into a destination in itself, instead of a transit hub walled by the Hong Kong dog.

It's about time. The Italian-built hydrofoil are comfortable enough, they jump off every half hour and they make the forty-five-mile run from Hong Kong in an hour and fifteen minutes. And the time will be cut down to forty-five minutes once they Hong Kong's two jetties. But for now, a short trip for visitors and immigration formalities are a drag, and the Hong Kong hydrofoil station seems luxurious. It's small and jammed with people, there's no place to sit down, and it gives you the feeling that maybe some people in Hong Kong don't want you to go to Macao.

Getting there, though, is worth the



travels. For years Macao was a neglected backwater. Would-be investors were scared off by the looming presence of the People's Republic, only about one hundred yards from Macao's border. From 1966, then, a media vortex, with China was walled out after some really rough notes tied up with the Cultural Revolution in 1966 (you can just let a representative of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Council of Macao speak right after the Portuguese governor at the bridge dedication ceremony) and the Russian satellite came marching in. What they've created has been an Oriental Las Vegas. Well, sort of.

Over the weekend it's jammed by Chinese from Hong Kong rushing to hit the tables at the six casinos. Three of the casinos are in the two luxury hotels, two are in the Flamingo Casino, and a smaller one, for fun and other Chinese games, is

on a downtown street. Slot machines, called "hungry tigers," take Hong Kong dollars, worth about twenty cents U.S., or Macao fifty-cent coins, worth about a dime. Limited of the sometimes-canceled gale you can win at Yung, here also and elsewhere, side up to you at the basement tables. Macao once had the reputation of being a center for the Oriental dope traffic, and friends in Hong Kong tell me that Macao still swings in whichever way you want.

Prices will remind you of Las Vegas in the happy days when the casinos were supposed to take care of the net. About fourteen dollars will get you a single room at the Hotel Lisboa, where doubles cost for \$28 to \$32 a day. The Lisbon, a spectacular 480-room gold gingerbread frosted wedding cake, is a visitor attraction by itself—despite its management could take some handling—car leases from such top Hong Kong hotels as The Mandarin, The Peninsula, Hilton, Hyatt Regency and Sheraton. The elevators are lifted and the room boys do their sleeping in the daytime. The Lisbon overlooks the new bridge and the South China Sea, and its facilities include two casinos open round-the-clock, Caesar's Palace Grill, two Chinese restaurants, a Japanese restaurant, a seafood restaurant, a twenty-four-hour coffee shop and four other restaurants, copper club, Eastern and Western bars and cocktail lounges, shopping arcade, steam bath, Japanese bath, sauna, massage parlor, swimming pool, bowling alley and I'm sure, lots of other things I didn't get around to.

Flourish-wise, Las Vegas is in it. But for shopping, Macao beats Las Vegas easily. Especially for shoppers who want to buy things to judge against inflation. Back in 1949 Portugal refused to sign the Boston Woods Agreement forbidding the importation of gold for private use, and as a result Macao is one of the few places on earth where you can buy twenty-four-hour—pure gold—jewelry. The gold situation all over the world is bound to change after December 31, 1974, when for the first time since 1935 Americans will legally be able to own gold bullion. Just how it will change nobody knows, but people around here believe the price of gold will take another hike when American investors start buying, so they consider gold jewelry a smart investment.

Melt a man's heart with a gift of Johnnie Walker Red.

The world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.

Winning. The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kathy Sims
Super Lounge

Viceroy
TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out. Always rich...always smooth...always exciting. Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Kang, Saeun
Seoyoung Lim

My wife, the purchasing agent, told me that she saw a magnificent two-to-four-karat necklace at the T.R. Jewellery and Watch Company in the shopping arcade of the Latrobe for seven hundred dollars. She said it would be worth a good five thousand dollars in New York, if it could be bought in New York—which it can't! Instead of the seven-hundred-dollar necklace, I was able to work her down to buying a gold phoenix brooch for only sixty dollars. The phoenix was rare, and the Chinese jeweller was honest. (The dragon is the symbol of man; there being no Chinese equivalent of alchemy.)

businessman, Mr. Koong, Mr. Ling Tsu, a resident jewelry expert, said he saw the ring was indeed twenty-four karat gold, and, yes, it should be worth about four hundred dollars back home. Mr. Ling is a soft-spoken gentleman. I have dealt with on a basis of mutual trust on at least fifteen previous visits to Hong Kong. Recommending a jeweler is like staking your head into a cobra's head, but in this case at least I'm willing to stick my hand and even my neck out. His Ling Jewelry shop is at 11-A, Cameron Road in the Astra Hotel building on the Kowloon Peninsula.

I don't know how it is that travelers will spend more than two thousand dollars on a trip to the Orient and then be so uninterested in details of how cheap things can be when they get there, but they are—and here are a few more small facts. From five-thousand-dollar jewelry items, the Museo shopping percent is most of the way to sekkai, and at the Long Hing piece-goods store at 4 Rian Don Farlow, we discovered what happens to some of Mexico's manufactured goods, designed for export when they become factory surplus. Here we had some school-bag-size, 100 percent cotton, 100 percent two well-tailored ordinary bush coats with German labels, one I've

the money was for me—the five-day deal (late again); three wash and wax shirts for two dollars each and a pair of good khaki pants for two dollars.

For Japanese cameras, tape recorders, stereo sets and watches, the prices in free port Maau are about as low as those in free port Hong Kong, but Maau has nothing like Hong Kong's spate of men's and women's leaders. Hong Kong's grocers in British merchandise have their Maau counterparts in sale of Portuguese products as wines and oranges, peaches and pomegranates (that Maau has a few of the pink peaches); it's strictly cash-and-carry. And besides a Chinese restaurant on Fremont at Erie, about

and seawater stalls. On a previous visit a couple of years ago, we went up to the Chinese frontier and while I was squinting at the People's Republic leader passed about six hundred yards away my wife was picking up a bagful of a still pink, translucent, translucent and Chinese extremely small bottle in consider, intricately carved and about a centimetre old. She paid seven dollars for it, but it appeared in New York for somewhere between fifty and seventy-five dollars and figures that now it might be worth at least twice as much. She also paid eleven dollars for a jade bracelet and two jade rings—no great shakes, strictly commercial—on the way back to the mainland. Fifty-five or sixty dollars in New York there, and jade prices have almost quadrupled since.

Lots of other things to do in Macao, though, besides gambling, bargain hunting and comparison shopping. Jai also came to Macao recently in the new all-theatres-and Jai! Alas Palace in front of the hydrodrol and ferry terminal. The Chinese restaurant is the only place on earth where you can dine on Cantonese food and watch jai also on closed-circuit television, and the stadium's other restaurant and the snack bars also have the

year. Portuguese-style ball-hangs are held in October and November. Greyhounds chase the little rabbit and other dogs around the Macao track on weekend nights and Hong Kong holidays throughout the year. And racing cars and motorcycles chase all other vehicles off the roads for the last ten days of November during the annual running of *Macao's Grand Prix*, one of the major sporting and social events of the Far East. This is Portuguese territory, remember, so there's a police show in the middle and nightclubs.

Right-angle? Arise a strong Portuguese infanção. The faded pastel stucco walls, wooden shutters, iron griddwork and occasional stretches of color tie the grey many streets of the look of Lisbon, but then the shop signs in Chinese bring you quickly back to the Orient. The most spectacular single sight is to be found in the gayest Portuguese bourgeois facade in the Baixa of St. Paul, standing at the summit of a dramatic granite staircase flanked by pebbled mosaics. It was built in 1602 and destroyed by fire in 1836, and all that was left of it was just your Macao has a fair selection of these houses, though not quite the Temple of the Goddess A-Ma, standing on the site of the first Macau.

tugboat moorings, lesser churches, a good museum and a replica of the house where Sun Yat-sen lived and founded the state.

Another tourist thing is to go up to the Frontier Gate and watch trucks with both Maos and Chinese license plates cross into and out of the People's Republic. You can point your binoculars at the People's Liberation Army soldier standing guard at the Chinese checkpoint across the stretch of no-man's-land. But don't point your camera, or you'll get in trouble with the Portuguese guards. With their Chinese neighbors they deeply desire no hassle. Hello! Tours in Macao is a good option for setting up your arrangements. They have an office in Hong Kong, and if you can get their Larry de Souza to show you around you'll be doing fine.

Landmark in Hong Kong yesterday afternoon at the American Club with Maple Quon, a musician and television commentator. Effortless sarcasm made the harbor scene even more spectacular than usual—the junks, sampans and ferries swarming back and forth and the freighters, cruise ships and a couple of U.S. Navy vessels riding at anchor—and the view from the club's twelfth-floor dining room on the Victoria side kept pulling my attention away from what Miss Quon was talking about.

Which was too bad, because what he was talking about was Hong Kong's third annual arts festival, for which she'd done publicity. But she'd been so busy with the police herself, and so I heard all about the festival anyway. He's scheduled to run from February 3 to March 1, and its musical program will range all the way from baroque to pop and rock. The orchestra is the Spanish National Orchestra, conducted by Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, and L'Orchestre National Français, conducted by Jean Martinot and Pierre Courvaux, to the Chamber Orchestra and La Truppa Cordón de Parn. Soloists will include Isaac Stern and pianist Alicia de Larrocha and two outstanding Chinese mandarin lute players, Wang Sheng and Li Pei-Hsin. Chen, there'll also be performances of the Royal Swedish opera, the Latvian Tene Spanish Dance Ensemble and the Hong Kong Philharmonic. And if you can't take Chinese opera, you'll find a lot of other things, like the Troupe Armée Theatre will be Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* and Somerset Maugham's *The Circle*. Tickets for various performances are priced all the way from two to twenty dollars.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Articles of overwrought view

As a great admirer of Cynthia O'neil's fiction—especially that fared best moving novel *Frail*—I was shocked by the crudity and narrow-mindedness of her article, *All the World Wants the Jews Dead* (November). Without disputing her central thesis, I find her assertion that "Jewish and Israeli... are one and the same thing, and as one, in or out of Israel, ought to be treated differently anyway," absurd. I am a man, an American, and a Jew, in that order, and while I want Israel to flourish, I am not as Jewish and don't identify with that country in any personal way. I suspect that millions of American Jews feel the same way, and Miss O'neil offers no arguments to the contrary, just her emotional declaration.

John Kenner
New York, N.Y.

Overwrought views, such as Cynthia O'neil's in your November issue, are popular only on fashionably overwrought subjects. In today's Britain and Whitehall that O'neil, to me, is like Paul Breuer warning of horrors, in this case, is human hearts that react hysterically. I'd like to see her article. All the World Wants the Jews Dead, on office in his all over the world—a warning for the Jewish people and the Jew-haters they're faced for centuries.

If we must have world concerns, let them be people of O'neil's caliber, who have heard out a tiny homeland in the midst of those who only want to annihilate them. Bravo, Requiem, for O'neil.
Lee McDermott
Fl. Worth, Tex.

I read Cynthia O'neil's piece with that macabre and triumphant sense that she's saying exactly what I want to say. How to handle naps? Express it, as she does—just right.
Robert Gold
San Francisco, Calif.

They tell us

Just a note to tell you how much I enjoyed Nelson Lyon's *Formosa with Love* (November), and that I missed our waitress. Her name is Mona Charlin and I discovered her on my last trip to Los Angeles at a restaurant I call Joe Allen in Beverly Hills. Not only was she a great favorite of mine but appeared to be a favorite of Mandel's Bill Macy and comedian Charles Nelson Ray, two of the many stars eating there. I discovered

that Mona had just moved to the West Coast from New York. One where she had studied drama at Los Strudberg's acting school, and that she was now studying comedy at a local school.

She was an efficient and courteous waitress and did a great job.
Philip Changano
San Antonio, Tex.

Nelson Lyon's *Formosa with Love* was alive with fun, but he certainly missed the all-star-waitress band not including the cast of *The Trifid* out here in the colonies (Sausalito).
Frank DeMarco Jr.
San Francisco, Calif.

In the service of sports writing

I was fascinated by Russell Poe's article *The Writings of Sports*, October.

When Jimmy Cannon died, one of his almost-peers (Red Smith, I think) recalled that Hemingway once said that Cannon wrote "as if he were going to kill his next dead."

As far as I know, the English language would move, wave and dash as if it is mortal danger for only two sportswriters: Cannon and James Ferman Fisher of Des Moines, N.C. McRider has written some books and not a few magazine articles, but he maintains his mentoring relationship with our native tongue principally through the column he writes as sports editor of *The Atlanta Journal*. He has been sports editor of the *Journal*, and before that, the *Constitution*, for almost twenty-five years.

I don't know if I can adequately deplore the failure once to mention Fisher, who for years has made words so sophisticated and potent to me as if they were awarded for his service, and the service of sports writing. But I am determined to try.
Muri Pernick
New York, N.Y.

I was pleased to appear in Russell Poe's article about sports writing and it is true, as he asserts, that I did not see his piece until publication day. At the risk of appearing gossamer, would that I had.

Poe has no supposing that Carl Furillo, the great right fielder, was "difficult to deal with." Actually, Furillo is the quintessential plain, blunt man, approachable and even admiring in victory or defeat. He speaks his mind. My point about Poe was that his language possessed a certain earthy eloquence which was impossible to set down during the 1960's when magazine editors regarded any

quote stronger than "hot darn," as an expletive that had to be deleted.
Roger Kahn
New York, N.Y.

Love match

Be My Love: After with Billie Jean King by Dan Wakefield, October: My love affair with Eveleen Goolagong began the first time I saw a picture of her in the paper before her first Wimbledon victory. Needless to say, I watched with passion as Goolagong stomped Billie Jean King. My latest heroism tendencies manifest themselves toward those who make (discovery) Goolagong references about Goolagong. A slight glance, or even (ugh!) a forced TV glimpse of King—certainly has to play her—totally nullifies my moral drive for corresponding lengths of visual assault.

To me Goolagong is the epitome of goddamn. And pretty too.

As for Christie, she's not all that bad.
John J. Sigwald Jr.
Houston, Tex.

For God, country and handicraft

We are shocked, shocked! at the flagrant display of ignorance on the part of Eugene "Earle Hall," inside!! It is obvious that the Californians pictured in *The Game People Should Play*, October issue, holding a large canvas bag were merely engaging in a cheap imitation of a long-standing Yale tradition: The Haddadball Game. Every fall, throughout reserved civilian history, Yale men have gathered to play Haddadball. Women, too Haddadball, unlike earth ball, is played on an open scale; thousands participate on almost as many teams. We can only hope that in the future Eugene will think first before using the word "first."

Edward J. Farned
David W. Rivlin
Walter Baker III
Yale, 1977

Forgotten view

This is to thank and commend you for inviting me to Tom Wolfe's (A) the *Big-Time Game-Time Situation* Roll, not to mention several other fine articles in the October issue. It is the great writing you publish that makes me keep my subscription to your disconcertingly secret magazine.

You may be pigs, but you're not so hooked.
Anne Winton
Washington, D.C.



The Hot Adams Apple

(Smetoff, boiled cider and spices)

Americans have always liked their coffee hot and their tea hot, but there was, they liked their liquor hot, too. Colonial rippers liked their spirits steaming and, despite what you may have heard, they seldom took them straight.

Cider, boiled and spiced, was the favorite mixer. We tried it mixed with Smetoff and we were pleasantly surprised. The same drink cold is our old favorite, the Adams Apple. So, if the hot version doesn't grab you, just pour it into a glass of ice cubes. Either way, we wish you well. Happy Holidays.



To make a Hot Adams Apple pour 1/2 oz. Smetoff into a cup or mug. Add 4 oz. boiled cider, then add a twist of lemon, a dash of fresh nutmeg and a cinnamon stick.

Smetoff
lowers your breathless*

Have a very merry cherry.



From the unique Danish cherry coast, Cherry Kijafa, this delicious wine shares a holiday tradition with the fun-loving Danes and spreads love everywhere. Give it to good friends. Or to yourself!

Enjoy it in your petunia-washed, Grönsetz and wudu hole. Or in a festive punch bowl with friends and any dog the you care to add. Cherry Kijafa. Any way you want the most versatile wine, it's the best way.

Kijafa. The cherry wine from Denmark.
We think the world is ripe for it.

ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

(Continued from page 4) government support becomes increasingly evident. The Ford and Rockefeller Foundations have indicated the necessity for some reforms in the extent of their direct support of the arts.

The almost daily reports of new financial difficulties endangers the very existence of even the most solidly established of the country's arts organizations, point up the crucial need for continued growth, and consistently increased emphasis on the importance of these activities in support of the arts.

There's great satisfaction in reviewing the record of the first eight competitions, and looking forward to the next two, the years of the biennial celebration, in Philadelphia and Washington, and also great encouragement in a survey, recently completed for SCA by Truett Ross, showing that business support of the arts, which has grown steadily, even since 1979, is likely to increase through 1978. Still we feel the complicity whatever on this subject, because we realize that while the efforts of the companies we have honored, in cooperation with the S.C.A., have been splendid, still the plight of the country's arts organizations remains desperate. About all we can say to interested citizens, both in business and the arts, is keep up the good fight, because the alternative is grim. Whenever the arts wither, life itself goes stale and tasteless. —A.G.

TRAVEL NOTES

(Continued from page 27)

Much of my source material from time to time results from my wife's visits to various beauty parlors along the way, and this time she came back with a couple of gems. The businesswoman at The Peninsula told her that he's one of the few old-timers in his trade left in Hong Kong because so many of them go to America to become cooks. And is recommending nearby Danny's Kitchen as a good place for Western food, he said—and I swear on my children's lives that it's true—"I enjoy Western food, but there's one thing I don't understand. Why is it that a little while after I finish a Western meal I feel hungry all over again?" —

Multiple Schools can strike your people systems. Parents are necessary for research. Please contribute to your local MS chapter.

Luxurious

Rotary-engine Mazdas give big-car owners the kind of performance they're accustomed to. Our new flagship model, the RX-4, also gives them the luxury they want.

Car and Driver said, "You simply can't buy such a combination of performance and finely cultivated manners anywhere else."

Road & Track called it "...an attractive alternative to large, heavy domestic cars with big V-8 engines, in a relatively compact car that's not nearly so thirsty."

Road Test said, "All Mazdas perform, but the RX-4 is definitely the performingest of them all."

Mazda's RX-4. The luxury small car that makes big-car owners feel right at home.

Mazda
HMMMMM

Mazda's rotary engine featured by S&P (Mazda)



HO, HO, HO... Only V.O. is V.O.



This Holiday give
Seagram's V.O. The Gift Canadian



Esquire

Esquire's Dubious Achievement Awards for 1974

Can't you do anything right, world? Anything? What's with you, anyhow? You've always been incompetent, world, but last year was plain ridiculous. What a tale of flops and failures! Think about it: In 1974 alone you gave us Comet Kozlovich, The Great Gatsby, Frank Sinatra's Australian tour, Rolly Quim's television career, Liz and Dick's divorce, and Evel Knievel's space shot. Lester Maddox lost an election, Tony Saverio had a lucky year, Ed Sullivan died and Teddy

Kennedy became a dropout. Even the Leader of the Free World—that's your leader, world—couldn't get up with you any longer. Face it, world, you're a mess-up. How does that make you feel? Are you sorry? If you're really truly repentant, we're going to give you one last chance. You can choose between a full and free pardon, and two years' alternative service—pew-ded, of course, you admit your guilt. That's our offer, world. Make a deal now, or we'll really get mad.

THE SECOND LARGEST IN JAMES H. WILLIAMS
M.E.P. professor James H. Williams completed work on the world's largest yo-yo. It weighed thirty pounds and was equipped with a 250-foot cord operated by a one and a half horsepower motor. When dropped from a height of twenty-one stories, it returned fifteen stories.

FINER LICKIN' GOOD
A St. Louis Catholic school for girls ordered twenty-five copies of The Joy of Cooking from a book supply firm. The firm mistakenly shipped twenty-five copies of The Joy of Sex. The school made no mention of the error and promptly paid the bill.

PART ONE OF OUR STORY...
Squire Borgia & Co. of Rome was driving his car on the morning of May 20, 1974, near Fendi, a small town about sixty miles east of Rome. Suddenly, a Communist strided off the road and hit a tree. A kindly passing motorist, spotted the wreck and took it to the hospital in Fendi, where he hovered between life and death.



REG FARDONT

THE WAY GOD PLANNED IT
Harvard scientists calculated that Prime got released by secret spy cars may already have begun depicting the scenario that protects the earth from deadly alien-robot invasions.

AND TASTE LIKE DAIRY DAVID J.
A Miami researcher claimed to have developed an instant that only part of wankers and promiscuous twinks although, he confessed, it makes you smell like a whiskey soak.

Worst New Flavor OF THE YEAR
Hiram House, of Queens Village, New York, who was killed falling into a meat grinder at a Howard Johnson's pizzeria plant.

GOOD NEWS FOR WILLIAM SHOCKLEY
Dr. Bruce Zerkow of the University of Southern California reported that Afro-style hairdos are far healthier. He explained that testing reveals they are modern that allow the hair to be "nearly winded."

A Fond Farewell



YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

TURN ON, TUNE IN, COP OUT
Timothy Leary turned state's evidence in exchange for parole.



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND PERSONS OF THE SOON PERSIMMON..."
Dianne Johnson, who was elected Grand Dragon of the Texas Furry Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in Dallas, advocated his racism in a Dale Carnegie personality course.

AND HE WOULDN'T EVEN GO FLOORS
"He was very gentle and nice until he started drinking," Amelia Engel told of a man who appeared on her doorstep in Albuquerque. The monkey broke into the family's medicine cabinet and drank orange fruit, head lotion, and eye drops. "He sprayed out," she explained. "I threw things down our clean colon, hit us with pots, and started eating our plastic drink," Mrs. Engel said.



SNATCH OF THE YEAR
Furman Record



OSAMA-RODGAH
OSAMA-RODGAH
DEER ALLIES
Hussein's President Idi Amin threatened those of his few wives, then had love of them executed.
* * *
French director Robert Schoder's *Dasguband*, a documentary on the life of Uganda's President Idi Amin Dada, shows the dictator explaining the necessity of killing wives, girlfriends and brothers, giving a demonstration of military tactics, and dressing down his foreign minister, who was found two weeks later floating dead in the Nile. "I work only according to God's direction," Amin explained.

HARRY UP AND SKIP TO THE PART ABOUT THE GREAT GAME
Eighty-two-year-old Louise Kubasek died a \$124,440 suit a great eight-year-old Mary Reiser for character of affection. Mrs. Kubasek charged Mrs. Reiser with speed and malice, carrying on an affair with Mrs. Kubasek's sixty-year-old husband. The affair, she further charged, had been going on for twenty-two years.

POPCORN ATTACHMENT
OFFICIAL
Dawn M. Wells received a bombazine complete with a recording of the voice of the deceased, a projector to show scenes from his life, and a twenty-foot scroll for biographical material.

QUOTE OF THE YEAR
Gerald Ford explained: "Mr. Nixon was the 37th President of the United States. He had been preceded by 36 others."

Fun Singles



Bette Midler



Steven Seagal



Les Taylor



Cher



IT IS NOT DEVELOPMENT, IT IS MEGALOPOLIS
Explaining that there was no sand for her to shed, Amelia Johnson said, "It is not development."



CONGRATULATIONS, MARY ANN! IF YOU CAN SAY THE MAGIC WORDS YOU WILL WIN \$1,000,000
Mrs. Shirley Taylor, of Nottingham, England, lost forty-seven pounds after she had her dental crown put on her jaw together.

HOT ONLY THAT, THERE'S NO RICE IN THE FACTORY
Writing in *Norway Times*, British physician Kenneth Korte cited the smile of "sacred indignation," the "full-featured face and figure," and the "beautiful, tapered hands" in support of his conclusion that Mrs. Ann was pregnant.



LET US EAT HORRORS
FURNISHED LIKE THE FIRST OF US
Donald judge Denis Ford ordered that the stock of *Scarsborough* distributed outside the date section were found to contain the same number of victims in regular motion and the company was charged with including.

OKAY, SO NOW FIVE MUST FOR US
Dan Harrison of the *Kilger Winter Group* passed in his \$1,000 loan-gravel suit. The second member from Harrison's victim and victim.



WHEN THE WOODS HIT YOUR EYES
LIKE A BIGGA PIZZA PIE DUCK
A Little Duck, Arkansas, restaurant made the world's largest pizza. Baked in a twenty-five-foot-long pan, it consisted of 180 pounds of dough, 24 pounds of sauce, 75 pounds of pepperoni and 200 pounds of grated cheese.

IS THAT AN EJECTOR YOU'RE WAVING ON ARE YOU GLAD TO SEE US?
A L. Shank Sussale Lab-oratories of St. Louis developed the Ejectorator, a device which "with impotence immediately and fast before you."

NEXT THEY'LL PUT A COMEBACK ON THE STREETNAME NAMED DENISE
Drivers of haphazard vehicles in New Orleans started using dapples and long-handle authority sets to comply with a city ordinance prohibiting loose droppings in the street.



SOCIAL CLIMBER OF THE YEAR
Eltan President of Italy, who elected two last three, proposed to Anna Bellini of Hungary, five feet six.

IF ROY ZIGLER WERE A WOMAN, WHAT WOULD HIS NAME BE?
Turning up only their tables in their magazine, two New York City teenage girls demanded that the women write them a check, stating that it not be made out to "cash," as the victim suggested, but rather to Evelyn Fitts, the name of one of the magazines. The girls were a resident shortly after making the check at a local check-cashing establishment.

THEY WERE LIVING BRAS AND THE FOOD BELLS BECAME EXHIBITANT
A twenty-six-year-old Berlin who was caught by police dumping about a hundred bras and women's slips in a wood impregnated shed by had reached the garments from defuncts throughout the country two years previously and had kept them in a cellar but decided to abandon his Berlin after finding a girl friend.



YOU SURE JOOLF
SCHUMANN GOT STARTED THIS WAY?
In response to the last shortage, Senator Robert Schumann urged Americans to eat one less hamburger a week, combining Schumann's suggestion, Agriculture Secretary Earl Butte called outed for the slaughter of half of the nation's 62,300,000 dogs, cats, and horses.



A SHIP IS JUST A SHIP

Fun Couples



Chris Korte
and Janey Connor



Billy
and Kathy Silva



Lisa Marshall
and Jack Hiley Jr.



J. Paul Getty III
and Marlene Zecher



Billy Quare
and Ben Brudine



Henry Kimmitt
and Nancy Magnusson



Richard Burton
and Princess Elizabeth



Andy Warhol
and Patricia Goddard



Gary Minkberg
and Marjorie Johnson

SORRY, OUR MAIL ROOM'S ALREADY FILLED

The Malaysian government has threatened to deport anybody dressed more like a woman, and all persons with "awful body odor."

CALL US SOMETIME WHEN YOU'RE IN TOWN AND WE'LL HAVE LUNCH

The New York Graphic Society announced that it was moving from Greenwich, Connecticut, to Boston, Massachusetts.

BUT SHE HAD THE BRAVE TITS OF A MURDERER

A man of honor, one a broken woman in a sea-though life, held up a Los Angeles bank Police and the male teller could not describe the woman's face.

WE JUST WEAR A ROSE IN OUR LEFT EAR

Several British manufacturers are selling socks that advertise the name in having had a rose. One carries the words L.O.F.E. (I Only Fire Blaise), another a logo "V" flanked by two roses.

NO, YOU'RE WHAT THEY CALL A SCHMOGE

Clashed with stinking arms groups of frozen bull moose, several one-year-old Albert Dell of Perugia, Ontario, declared, "I am not what they call a lanky."

GOOD NEWS FOR GLOBY RUD SHAMPOO

Nothing there are more than three million shampoos in the U.S., the Baraboo Glass Company introduced a new one called "Lard."

NEW HOPE FOR SYLVIA MISS

The Journal of the American Medical Association published a report by two California doctors on the diagnosis and treatment of psychological trauma, an ailment characterized by a rebellion, demanding a role in one or both bedrooms and whose victims have "the bedridden appearance of those who cannot sleep."

OURS CALLS US BUNNY LUCKS AND WE THANK HER

Harry Newton, co-founder of the Black Panther Party, became a fugitive from the California law last summer after parading his body, President Clinton, when Clinton called him "bunny" during a firing in Newton's penthouse apartment.

THANK GOD ANITA BERRY IS AN INDEPENDENT SUBCONTRACTOR

A survey showed that fat executives average lower incomes than do lean executives, with men fat executives being paid on an average of \$1,000 a pound.



HE SAYS TORONTO, SHE SAYS TORONTO...

Linda Lerner was divorced from her husband, several one-year-old Albert Dell of Perugia, Ontario, declared, "I am not what they call a lanky."

OUR STORY THIS FAR: HADDO IS CRASHED, MOVING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH AFTER AN AUTO ACCIDENT, WAS TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL, THEN PLACED IN AN AMBULANCE AND POINTED TOWARD HOME. THE AMBULANCE WAS HIT BY AN ONCOMING CAR, AND CRASHED, HANGING ON BY A BLENDER THERAPY, WAS PLACED TO ANOTHER HOSPITAL, AND NOW, THE EXCITING CONCLUSION TO OUR STORY...

Doctors at the Letha hospital placed Dr. Crumrine in another ambulance and sped him on his way. The ambulance skidded out on icy pavement and Dr. Crumrine was killed.

THERE ARE 8,000 STORIES IN PORT LAUDERDALE, AND ALL BUT THREE ARE BOING. After Robert Connor sent up a Santa Claus at "Christmas in July" party in Port Lauderdale.

Finora Tere and Loree Tere was a little more than in Port Lauderdale by holding a church for twenty-two months and three weeks.

Police in Port Lauderdale fired a couple hundred to a bookstore in the wake. The men explained that he and his wife were "looking around" when he accidentally dropped the boy, which was swallowed by the dog.



THAT WAS NO SHADY MAN THAT WAS THE HOLY GHOST

ME AND MRS. JOAD HERE WOULD LIKE TO REGISTER FOR ROOM 101

Northern Kentucky State College, whose theme is "We're not your traditional village," offered \$16,000 worth of scholarships via a lottery.

The school awarded 100 half-million-dollar scholarships carrying out better continuing scholarship awards for the students.

HOW MUCH IS THAT IN REAL MONEY?

Orlando police discovered that 500 tons of undeveloped mail had been sold to a European processing plant for recycling.

"DASH, HOW DO YOU SPELL BURGUNDY?"

Jill Brown, Knoxville publisher, has first work in The Saturday Evening Post, the story of a Yorkshire currier's unexpected attempt to escape from the White House.



WHAT DID HE KNOW, AND WHEN DID HE KNOW IT?

APPL SHOWERS BRING WHISKY SOUP

Ecologist Gene E. Lerner and P. Herbert Bernstein reported that in a number of improper air-pollution controls, the acidity of rain falling on the Eastern United States and Europe is now not hazardous to a thousand times normal levels. In extreme cases, rain has the acidity of pure lemon juice.

HE SAYS POTATO, SHE SAYS POTATO

Gloria Corbin filed for divorce from actor Judd Hirsch because of irreconcilable differences.

"NO, NO, JOHN MICHAEL BRADLEY, I SAID 'OUT OFF YOUR MIGHT ALARM'"

Lawyer John Michael Bradley, twenty-five, was turned away from St. Charles Hospital when he asked attendance to cut off his right arm because God told him to Bradley returned soon after with his arm severed, explaining that he'd let a tumor run over it in order to obey God's command.



THE FUNDAMENTAL THINGS APPLY...



BEING HERE HAS BEEN VERY DEPRESSING SINCE ADRIAN DAVIS DIED

AND HIS SEX AS "ANDOGY"

Harry M. Karvovian, twenty-five, a Human Rights Party candidate for city council in New York, declared, "I am not what they call a lanky."

SO WHAT? IT WORKED FOR JERRY COLONNA

A twenty-seven-year-old stammerer in Italy, Palma (Italy), used a doctor for \$100,000, claiming that he'd let a tumor run over it in order to obey God's command.

ON TO INTERCOURSE, PA!
Colony residents' new plan for that new message park had opened next door to the Trinité Baptist Church, the city council proposed an ordinance banning such an establishment from Homestead, N.C.



THE BUTLER DID IT
When President Eisenhower left the White House, his personal David had a note reading, "I shall return." When President Nixon left the White House, his son-in-law David left another handwritten note, whose message he declined to reveal.

OKAY, OKAY, CHANGE THAT TO TANGLE, DOODLES, KAMA, AND STIMMY BOOBY
The computer of the University of Akron was programmed not to accept instructions using obscene language. The computer drew up an apology when referee John Miller made an error, and if the referee's actions, the computer terms itself off.

WHY NOT? HE WAS A GOOD FATHER AND HUSBAND AND A CREDIT TO HIS RACE
A House subcommittee approved a resolution declaring that "it is the sense of Congress that when Sammy Bess goes to that most hallowed place on the sky it is just one thing that he is not to be regarded as a man of flesh, Captain, New Mexico. For proper discipline and a permanent memorial."

WE HAVE DROPPED DEAD
Baylor University student Jimmie Aron filed a petition to change his name, claiming there are too many people named Jimmie Aron. He said, "These members wouldn't make as much sense as Mr. Aron," he noted.

HE' FILL GREGOR RAMSA, I SAW YOUR AIR SOON
Joseph Ditt of New Jersey won a classified ad requesting 2000 free matches in order to comply with his landlady's request that he leave his apartment. "I certainly the way I found it."



THAT IS NOTHING, LOOK WHAT FREEDOM DID FOR CHRISTY BROWN
Robert F. Adler, president of the St. Pro Corporation, announced that he was shipping Alexander Steinhilber a lifetime supply of free gas.

BUT FRANK BIGGZ IS STILL SEATED
Governor Milton Shapp of Pennsylvania signed a bill designating the Savoy, the official state aircraft.



AND THEY DON'T FOLLOW YOU INTO THE MEN'S ROOM, EITHER
Frances Cook, formerly an aide to J. Edgar, now a spokeswoman at a construction site, is making a public statement that she has never been in a "bush of shame" compared to her former boss. "These members wouldn't make as much sense as Mr. Aron," he noted.



GAIL, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GIRL FEEL GREAT
After Robert Adams fell off a two-foot stair and dislocated her shoulder during a rehearsal, the Metropolitan Opera issued a statement explaining that the steps had not popped under the shoe's own weight.

"ON MY SEXPLETIVE DELETED, I WILL DO MY BEST (UN)ABLE..."
The Boy Scouts of America admitted that one of their best example posters membership info is possibly Federal and "Some of our people cheat, frankly," Scouts chief executive Alden F. Barber said. "I can only surmise that they are misinterpreting the thrust of the Boy Scouts program and scouting's need to grow."



AND IN GERMANY HE WEARS A LAMPGLASS

LOWEST BATTING AVERAGE OF THE YEAR
Dennis Eberlin of the St. Louis Cardinals: .167



AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK
John Cardinal Deane, a friend of Pope Paul, died in the Paris apartment of a blond stripper whose husband was in jail on jumping charges. The Episcopal Council of the French Catholic Church explained that the Cardinal's aid "extended only to the most deplorable and despicable person."

NOW, OF COURSE, IT'S JUST THE CIGARETTE
On her seventh birthday, Alice Benezett Longworth reflected on the usual means of her own day: "People were always having love affairs with their parents and putting their flowers in strange places."



SURE, WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO IN BOSTON?
James Brady spent forty-four minutes enclosed in a structure of ice in Boston.

"TO DO (PUPP) PANT! MY DUTY (AH) AHO TO GOING AND MY COUNTRY (OH) BELIEVE..."
Boy Scout Troop #1 of Fort Scott, Pennsylvania, decided to sell toilet the Flag Boy Patrol. High School will an exchange and for business to a restaurant at which the Scouts received patches bearing the Flag Boy emblem.



SHIRLEY COTHRAN, CLIMB FOR ME, LET ME HIDE MYSELF IN THERE
Shirley Cuthren, Miss America, explained that she doesn't make, drink or eat any marijuana because "I believe that my body is the temple of God."

WHY NOT? WILLA ARIZONA
The National Organization for Women proposed a debate whose theme was "Is God a Woman?"

THEY CALL IT A PENIS
Green Industries announced the development of a feminine hygiene device (called the pen) "women-on-the-go" a unit that makes it convenient to relieve the bladder without coming into contact with restroom facilities.



GOING NEXT YEAR, SCHOLAR!
AN EXTENSIVELY RESEARCHED, INFORMATIVE AND ADVENTUROUS AND WARM ACCOUNT OF A BOY GROWING UP IN BUCKLEUP

COLDEST DAY OF THE YEAR OUTSIDE OF ALASKA
Bendheim, Wyoming, 51 degrees below zero on December 2, 1974.



CONSOLIDATED ELSE
Texas highway officials suggested that the answer to the nation's energy problems is cow horns. According to scientists, cows burp 56,000,000 tons of hydrocarbons into the atmosphere every year, and ten cows burp enough gas in one year to provide all the space-heating, water-heating and cooking requirements for a small town.

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD
Baltimore residents claimed a representative of Members Representative of a sports of veterans, that had been granted for ninety years. The Baltimore further claimed that after throwing, the animal promptly reproduced itself.



NO WITH THE GOGMOIT THINGS SO TOO
Lieutenant Hiroo Onoda, the Japanese soldier who spent thirty years behind in the Philippines, decided that the experience was a waste of his life and that he was a fool for having done it.

IN FRANCE THEY AWARD THE CROSS BE QUEPPE FOR TRENCH MOUTH
Awarding ten award except taking a person will be paid in families of Greek soldiers who the during a sex act while on shore leave. The court said such a death must be viewed as an incompetent hazard.



WE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ALLEN GARDNER AND PETER CALDWELL

New York sportsman David Baker apologized on the day for having mentioned that New Riders and Secretariat were "the most famous stallions since Joseph and Mary."

DUMBEST GUY IN THE WEST
When the Navy brated Flashed, a new, self-driving automobile, the gas first identified Neals Barlowe, Kansas as a dead-end city target and prepared to sink it. Then the gas backed its rights in the destroyer T.S.S. Helmer.



AS TIME GOES BY

The Ordeal of Mr. Wiggins

by James Fallows

"Before he stinks back down to that footnote status where he has so long dwelt, it is worth taking another look at what he did and why"

Peter Rodino slugged the gavel down for the last time, and the show was over. Along with thirty-seven other members of the House Judiciary Committee, Charles Wiggins began making his way from the hot and crowded hearing room into the hall and even more crowded hall. At his side was Jerome Wadine, another Californian, as liberal a Democrat as Wiggins is a conservative Republican, but still Wiggins' closest old friend. As they approached a television reporter they prepared for one of their little routines.

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Wiggins?" the reporter asked.

"Go to bed. I may take a shower first, but I'm going to bed. Tomorrow I'll start preparing for the next phase, which is the debate in the House."

"I'm starting tonight," Wadine said. "If Chuck is going to start tomorrow, I've got to start tonight."

"That's because you've got a weaker case, Jerry," Wiggins said, and then he laughed. A look of his silver-grey penicillin had worked its way into his forehead, and he was wincing while some people refer to as a shrieking grin. He wiped it off his face as the reporter pulled out one of the semi-conscious questions that had been so popular during the hearings: "How do you think you will go down in history, Mr. Wiggins?"

"Very quickly, I would imagine." Another grin, to signify that he had made a little joke. Then back to business. "Really, this is a fleeting moment in history, and I don't bid myself that I'll end up as anything more than a footnote in some scholar's book."

"You'll be more than a footnote in my book, Chuck," Wadine said, and with a wave they were off.

In the magnanimity of victory and the hopes of a big bipartisan vote in the House, the Democrats had neither could afford to embrace even their opponents, who had added "dignity" to the proceedings. Kind words were heard for Wiggins' "integrity" and his "principles" (translation: he did not throw mud balls like Representative Sandman and Latta). The fact was, Wiggins was the one of the President's men who had the other side scared.

Wiggins' star rose to its apex on August 5, when, with tears in his eyes and a quiver in his voice, he read to the assembled TV cameras his statement that Richard Nixon should resign. The very first congressman to resist in the first Nixon tapes, he was also, because of his previous trench warfare, the most persuasive. A grateful mixture of Democrats and liberal Republicans hailed him, not only because he had ab-

solutely put the lid on Nixon's charism, but also because all the wrestling-with-the-commune-on-pedals, like Tom Riffeback's and William Cohen's, tipped the balance back toward dignity in an affair that always risked coming off as a Nixon stunt.

Now that the Nixon problem has put the customary teletalk on the whole business, Wiggins' performance deserves a reexamination. He is important in a way that most of the other Republicans are not, because he raises the blunt question of which side is going to be emboldened twenty-five years from now when schoolchildren read about repentance in their textbooks. During the deliberations—and even afterward—Wiggins entertained no doubt that the Founding Fathers, not to mention God, were on his side. Conservative that he is, he seemed to carry in his mind a list of those ministers in which the majority had no stake—widespread in Salem, number three in Tennessee, the persecution of Andrew Johnson and the persecutions by Joe McCarthy—and of the Democrats, the Joseph Welch, and the Edward Roush who had stood to resist the heresies. If you believed, as he did and still does, that the impeachment of Richard Nixon would somehow pass that list, then you could accept, as he did, the unmarry embrace of clients you did not admire and could not love. In the defense of these clients he stood out the front, if not the most frequently used, weapon from the conservative arsenal: the respect for tradition, the apprehension about popular impulse, the willingness to let one guilty man go free rather than try the rules of justice. (Conservative principles, not Republican.) But when President Ford apparently flattered him none at all, and, day process, and the rest by pardoning Richard Nixon, no protest was heard from Charles Wiggins. Had he really been Ron Reagan in substance's clothing during the whole affair? Or had he shown something about conservative principles more important and enduring than Richard Nixon? Before he sinks back down to that footnote status where he has so long dwelt, it is worth taking another look at what he did and why.

Reporters are prone to see in politicians what Skinner saw in rats: creatures as free from conviction, so fatally dependent as the temptations and co-sinners of their immediate environment, that is, indifferent to their motives nothing more complicated than a look at group-morality and lists of campaign contributors. Wiggins is, on paper, an ideal candidate for this sort of analysis, since two familiar stereotypes seem to encompass the whole of his political career.



The first is that of the right-wing Republican, and there is no shortage of evidence on this point. Since 1936, when, at the age of eight, young Chuck Wiggins volunteered to work for the London for President campaign in El Monte, California, he has been a Republican partisan of unshakable dedication. His position on the party's more conservative flank is also established beyond dispute. The district he represents, northern Orange County, chose at its previous Republican representative John Bonassetti, who was, at the time, a prominent official in the John Birch Society. During the hearings, nearly every mention in the press of Wiggins pointed out that young Congressman Richard M. Nixon had once represented his district. Unhappily speaking that it is no longer true, since redistricting has given Wiggins' district only a vague resemblance to Nixon's first base J. In Congress, Wiggins' voting record has accorded with district views: in 1974, for example, he voted 96 percent "correct" relative to the Americans for Democratic Action (out of a possible one hundred), one hundred percent from the National Associated Businessmen, and one hundred percent on the National Security Voting Index prepared by the American Security Council, a big defense lobby. Before Wiggins, the district was represented by a man in the national spotlight since 1971, when he had Congressional opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment. When Wiggins went back to the district after the R.R.A. debate, he was often besieged by female picketers and once hung in effigy by a group of women who criticized his opposition to the ERA. It was a hard act to put up with the effigies. "It's better to be hung in effigy," Wiggins told a reporter at the time, "than never to be hung at all."

The second stereotype is that of the southern California boy. Everything about his social bearing suggests that Wiggins would be comfortable on the golf course of his native Orange than among the timeless institutions of the East. His hair is set in an anachronistic moose head often seen since Koolhae Byrnes left 77 Sunset Strip; his wife, a pleasant woman named Betty, favors, on formal occasions, great black and white hairdos; and he is a confirmed golfer. Wiggins' clothes run toward western jeans; the first time I met him, he was sitting in his office wearing a plaid-cord velvet shirt with matching trousers slacks. He drives around town in a super-orange DeSoto 1986 sports car, and he lives in the formerly suburban of Folsom, a suburb of Sacramento, resembling a leafier version of his southern California home.

These two labels—right-wing Republican and southern Californian—might provide a sufficient explanation of what Wiggins did party loyalty to the President, regional loyalty to Whitaker's most famous son. But in this case, it would be the wrong explanation. Each of the stereotypes is queried by a pattern of Wiggins that does not fit the pattern. For all his partisan votes, Wiggins has still abandoned the pack at crucial moments. He was one of the very few Republicans (Charles Stenness was another) to vote in favor of seating Adam Clayton Powell Jr. in 1967, the last important vote on congressionalism, and there could hardly have been a more unpopular vote with his constituents, unless it was his more recent opposition to Republican anti-busing legislation and to an amendment to bring prayer back into the schools. Don Edwards, another Californian on the Judiciary Committee, a former member of the A.D.A., and about the same prayer vote. "Almost single-handedly, Chuck protected the Constitution from an amendment that would have reestablished the Bill of Rights. He fought it on the

floor and provided enough conservative votes to defeat it. It's a conservative vote, really, but many of his colleagues refused to see it that way. Chuck thought the First Amendment meant what it said."

The key to Wiggins' convictions does lie in that word of Edwards', "conservative." The legislative phrase "conservative Republican" connotes that, for people like Wiggins, there are certain conservative principles more important than those the Republican party, with its boosterism and glossiness, has sponsored. The importance of Wiggins' arguments on impeachment is that he made them from purely conservative instincts, from that fear of hasty action and that distrust of over-popular causes which characterize a conservative, and not a Republican, temperament.

The distinction between party and principle is heightened by the real meaning of the southern California stereotype. The southern California stereotype is not that of a conservative Republican, but of a regional identity (in its negation) the Nixon-McCarthy-Magador California is, as we have been reminded many times, the place with no past, no duties, no rules. For Wiggins, it is something else altogether. His southern California roots are genuine. He was born and grew up in El Monte. He attended both high and low school at the University of Southern California. He is different not simply from other Californians but from most other Americans in his keen sense of substance and place. His family first settled in El Monte one hundred twenty years ago. Three generations of Wiggins have lived in the town. Wiggins was growing up, his made was chief of the El Monte police, his father was a fireman and his mother worked for the school district. While Wiggins was still in law school he became a member of the town's planning commission; after he moved back to El Monte and kept up his struggle, he was elected to the city council, and, in 1964, the other councilman appointed him mayor. El Monte, which might represent (unusually) suburban to you and me, represents stability and tradition to him. That same sense of duty and responsibility which led residence has motivated in the old families of Virginia and Massachusetts to stay the root in this one southern California plot. If those old families represent a conservative temperament, whatever their immediate political views, so too does Wiggins.

The particular form that Wiggins' conservatism has taken is a reverence for the law—a reverence which transcends mere ideology to affect his whole personal bearing. The law made him vote against that school prayer amendment, against the anti-gay constituents' defense, and the law was what eventually shaped his thoughts about impeachment.

Wiggins' specific ideas about the law and, say, the Equal Rights Amendment are less interesting than what his reverence for the law has done for his personality. When some people refer to "the law," they mean the law. In talking about the commander-in-chief statute, when Wiggins says "The Law," he speaks in asphalite, so that Blackstone, Hammurabi, and the collective drafters of the Constitution seem to come tripping out over his tongue. His devotion to this creed has made him protest; he is the kind of man who will ask you three or four times to reform your question, to make exactly what you mean. He is, by legal temperament, the kind of man who, when his district representative, John Pote, took him to inspect several locations for a new office, could say in normal

conventional tones, "Tell me, in summary form, John, the reasons that led you to select these two offices were about to see and to reject the others." He has the rare ability to speak in perfect syntax for reasons on and, as anyone who asks a casual question, "How about that type guy?" likely to be treated to a thousand-word answer delivered at high speed and with such precision that the nonverbal and the paragraph interruptions are virtually absent. Beneath all that, of course, there is a very, very dry wit, which Wiggins lets off display only when he is feeling comfortable. No lively tension the heavenly element at required social gatherings he may shift from foot to foot, making halting small talk and looking as if he'd love to have someone put him at ease with a nice question about the Fourteenth Amendment.

The law, finally, is part of another of his distinguishing characteristics: an uncompromising confidence in his own values. As legal credentials go, Wiggins' are not overwhelming. He was editor of the law review at U.S.C., but his experience in El Monte did not involve much discourse on the more rarified constitutional issues. Yet without the benefits of the Yale program, he has been able to speak clearly and directly address the great legal issues with the force of one's self-assurance of an autodidact. The reason he punctuates his sentences with "in my opinion" so frequently is precisely because everything else in his bearing so strongly suggests someone speaking from the temple.

His intellectual independence—so different from Richard Nixon's or Lyndon Johnson's vague sense of inferiority to the polished Easterners, an inferiority, too, from J. William Fulbright's or Hubert H. Humphrey's attempts to become pedigreed Easterners

themselves—is refreshing in itself, and it leads to one of Wiggins' more unusual political traits: an self-protection desire for all the natural instincts of self-preservation. One of his first acts on finding that the Judiciary Committee was considering impeachment was to tell the people in his district that he would not pay any attention to their views. He had taken that approach before, for example in voting in the long and a 140-to-1 landslide against a proposal for a national referendum on the Vietnam war. "We should consider the death of the nation," he said at the time. "Veterans and their families constitute a large, politically potent class, to which legislation have traditionally catered."

A responsible government should deal with problems, rather than read or imposed political pressure. Wiggins was a soldier in the Korean War, and he was in the Korean War, and who went to school himself on the GI Bill, was, of course, voting against his own class interests just as he had done on another occasion when, though part Indian himself, he sponsored a special Indian-compensation bill. Last year he sent a questionnaire to his constituents, and after asking their opinion on every inflammatory subject from abortion to the Middle East, he wrote back saying that he was "disappointed" with their views on certain subjects. "If my constituents are wrong as an issue, I should write right and try to educate them," he told a reporter who was unimpressed. "If they disagree with me, then, they should get a new man in line with their thinking."

The Judiciary Committee completed its work on the confirmation of Gerald Ford in November of 1973 and turned immediately to impeachment. Even before the new year began, Charles Wiggins had made up his

mind on two fundamental questions. The first was his conviction that the removal of a President should be a matter of last resort, comparable in magnitude not to open-heart surgery or amputation, but to complete four-limb amputation. By the time of the hearings, he would present a constitutionalist's rationale for this position, with references to aspirations of poets and the tales of the Founding Fathers. But his first response, at Christmas of 1973, was cast in political terms. It was based on a conservative concern for the preservation of that fragile illusion that the majority is not oppressing the minority. "The President is a political officer, elected by all the people in a limited four-year term. He is not appointed for life, or for service on 'good behavior' like a judge. Accordingly, it might be possible to impeach a judge because he lacks the qualities one would identify like to see, without a monumental violation of the principle of majority rule. A President elected by all the people because a narrow majority feels he is not doing a good job, we risk a popular reaction that could do great violence to the roof of the country. In my opinion, this argues a narrow construction of 'impeachable offense.' Agnew has said that the President is elected by the people. If there was clear evidence that he was guilty of gross conduct. But if he had been impeached because the press did not like him, he would be impeaching right now with millions behind him."

This standard, which required Wiggins to look for clear evidence of gross conduct, was a precursor of a routine Friday trial, virtually predetermined his eventual vote. Any evidence that would convince Wiggins to vote for impeachment would, almost by definition, be enough to compel the President to resign. "From the very beginning, he was identified as the President's primary defender," Wiggins said, after it was all over. "I told my friends that if he were persuaded that offenses had taken place, and that the President was involved, then he would vote for impeachment. There it would be a legal, not a political, decision. But he not only refused to narrow definitions of the language that were more narrow, he expressed a wish that the President not be removed."

The second reason Wiggins had settled, as of that time, was his personal confidence in the innocence of Richard M. Nixon. By December of 1973, it may be recalled, the Senate Select Committee had finished its two-stage job. Democrats had to prove, on the first, non-partisan stage, that Nixon had been discredited on one of the tapes, and the President's law reform had been made public. A majority of the public, according to the polls, thought that the evidence incriminated Nixon. But Wiggins was not a politician. He was a lawyer, not a piece of material, what it provided the final marker on the trail into the Oval Office. He was acting not as defense counsel nor, though his standards were shaped by his legal training, but as a politician and a citizen. By those standards, he said in December as he would say every day since March 3, 1974, as he had convinced him that Richard Nixon was innocent.

After his sluggish late-winter pace of constitutional studies and requests for information, the Judiciary Committee was asked at the end of April when the President released the White House tapes. Wiggins was unimpressed. "If they directed me to spend at Claremont State College, and I'm hardly second-rate, with the audience that had come to listen to him, he thought the afternoon looked good. When he caught the 9:00-night bus to Washington that night and headed immediately for the committee meeting that day, his sense of relief." (Continued on page 130.)

False Lights

by Gail Godwin

Then reckon your course on shadows

Miss Karl Bandana
Box 39
Ceresville, N.C. 27548

June 16

Dear Violet,

Please forgive the familiar address when I don't even know you, but the more formal would still feel strange. I hope you'll understand. Along with this note, there should arrive a small parcel containing Karl's pills. I don't know if you have a doctor on the island, so I took the liberty of having Karl's old prescription refilled. The recent flu weight goes over 100, he should take one of these every morning after breakfast. Also, as fat or salt in food preparation, less beef, more chicken and fish, more vegetables and salads, but no dressing on the salad, unless a little lemon. (Starting the meal with the salad helps cut the appetite.) And no cheese, except cottage cheese, and no alcohol.

I trust you will accept this in the spirit in which it is sent. If at a later time you should need another refill, please don't hesitate to let me know.

Sincerely,
Annette Bandana

Mrs. Karl Bandana
231 E. 48th St.
New York, N.Y. 10017

June 28

Dear Annette,

The parcel arrived today, with your note. I will do as you say. K. is in pretty good shape at the moment. He goes for a long swim before breakfast, takes several walks by himself during the course of his working day, and then we swim and walk in the evenings. The vegetables are easy because I planted a garden (Pumpkins, squash, cucumber, spinach, tomatoes, carrots, radishes, and three kinds of lettuce). As for fish, no shortage of that here. I do blanch stuffed with spinach

sometimes three nights a week. There is a local doctor, but so far only I have had to go to him. I tend to get ear infections. There is no liquor store on the island. I appreciated your note and wish you all the best.

Violet

June 18—maybe June 19 by now

Dear Annette, dear Annette Bandana,

The most natural way for me to thank you is dear Miss Bandana, but how can there be two of us? And yet here we both are. I feel I cheated myself by mailing that letter off so quickly. I couldn't wait to write it, to hurry back to the post office and mail it, even though the mail had already gone out for the day. It said nothing, absolutely nothing: Spinach and beans, walks and swims, all wrapped up in a cautious parcel of bromphane politeness: "I will do as you say," etc. And yet I told you more about me than you told about yourself. You know, or will know when you get my letter, that I get ear infections and that I have a garden, and—if you read between the lines—that I am alone a good deal of the day. I have no knowledge about you, except what I manage to compile from my husband's moods, steering cautiously between fiction and fact. I shouldn't probably say my husband. It hurts and bewilders you. It would see. It's all so strange. I think it would feel less so to me if we could meet, just the two of us, in some neutral place, the way generals of opposing sides meet to sign a truce. Not that we need sign a truce, exactly. We are not on opposite sides.

I'm going to tell you something very peculiar: I feel close to you. I think about you all the time. When I am walking around the island, or sitting on the beach by myself, or even—I hope you won't think this perverse—when I am lying in bed alone, I hold imaginary dialogues with you (somewhat similar to the tone of our brief exchange, all about food and rescue and such), and sometimes I ask your advice about things



He says you know better than I. I often imagine you watching me, so, as I said to imagine God watching me when I was a child, and sometimes when I am swimming I find myself showing off to you in the sea, taking care with my strokes, or performing a little deeper than I would otherwise, or swimming a little faster. I often see little things I'd like to send to you. A tiny painting in oil, done by a local artist, of fishing boats or the lighthouse. I watch this artist work down on the beach. It is a strange, little sort of fellow who has lived here many years, but he is not a fisherman. I have seen him go to the beach at dawn, the stretch of shore. At night, they hang lanterns around the arches of moles and walked the animals back and forth across the sand, and some unfortunate ship captain, marooned the wayward lantern for lights at sea, would crash upon

This article has been read and so he can point out small problems at once. He does all six sets, then all six light-hours, and all six boats. He says there will always be parties wherever there are food. He tells his work to a gallery in New York which hangs one of his paintings in a room, so it is not in the way of his plans and so on. I have often had the urge to send you one, just as I had to restrain myself the other day from buying you a shipwreck map from the Varior's Center, when I bought myself one, a map of the Great Lakes, the oldest map ever put down on paper. I have found that the first thing I should do along this beach-crest (not) they tell this "The Graveyard of the Atlantic," and I thought you would be touched and amazed, as I was, for the whole thing is rather intricate and puts one in the frame of mind where modernism is not so much a thing as a process, a movement of time more suddenly so distinct and insignificant, more events in an infinite process of events that will all be washed away, as the sea has washed away the faces of all those drowned men. I don't understand time. The more I think about it, the less I understand it. I have been thinking of you, and of the inevitable, the complete cessation about the inevitability of change, merely a word containing no real thing, any more than the shipwreck map can contain bodies or salt water—"Rite Readers" can be anything more than a lead and a word, and I think you are right. I think you are right, I think you are right, I think you are right.

On such a level, I think you could be with us now, on this island. I have no much time to myself. I would enjoy your company.

It occurs to me that as recently as a hundred years ago this latter would have been considered highly irregular, perhaps impossible. And what of a hundred years from now? Karl says the novel of 2075 would be unrecognizable to us today, that it will be a poem and better thing, fused in to more important signals, no longer obsessed with gossip and personal petty details. If we had lived in 2075, would marriage still be a new thing, where we could all survive together, nobody's happiness depending anybody else's, and all of our happinesses changing with everybody's, and that our sex, love and love-making then would be seen from above? Will there be marriage, will there be wives, in 2075?

That young woman crawling through the mud, carrying medical supplies in her teeth, through two miles of mud in enemy territory. I don't know how many times I have relived that passage in Karl's book. That was you. What love, what danger, what a love story! I am sure there will be nothing in my life to compare to that. No such challenge, no such heroism. I did not have to crawl or even walk outside my father's house, to get Karl. Karl entered my father's house, and I went

straight from my father's house in Karlsruhe, no alias had, no event left, between. I earned nothing. Movies are not easily had for the young in our times. Perhaps that is why they go to such extremes to create their own dangers. Karl says he will never put me in a book; he says that he wants me to star where I am, on the mixed with him. He says that you only put people into books to improve their lives, to make them better, or when they are simply able to see them. It is kind of a moral, he says—as the shipwreck map is a memorial. I guess, and a hope for tourists who can never know what it is like to feel oneself denied to pieces on rocks. And yet, though he has put you away so memorably in his books (I weep every time I read of your death, so young, at only sixteen, conscripted as a hero at nineteen, before you ever had a chance to live, to marry, to be that little boy who slept, like you, in the back of a bus, to grow up and grow up and you are very present to me. The real you, a woman in her fifties, goes on existing for me).

I imagine your days, trading them alongside my own. I sometimes feel we are interchangeable, even if for the accident of time. It might have been the other way around, me first, then you, a woman's face that changes through one long event of a man's, an artist's, life. It could have been us on all fours with the machine that carved his life, and you, young and untired, years later, placing a pink tablet beside his breakfast plate with no damper to yourself, complete the journey, all danger over, all the salient wars and legendary upheavals done ("...with earthy comeliness, nature, and the world, as it were, in her embrace; and of both for revenue, tragic incidents along the coast occur only rarely now.") Perhaps I will send you some of these maps, after all.

I hear the thorn prouling. What are you bearing now? This is the time of night, or morning, when everything races through my brain. I can't stop or even control its course, so I just ride the torrent. Sometimes I don't feel asleep until I hear the birds singing. Not just I, indeed, it's just that I usually mean such a variety of things when I hear the birds sing. I hear the birds as salvagers from everything, be it anger, be it disappointment, be it hate, be it boredom. He makes it all appear in misanthropic, healing shapes. At the moment I am seeing my garden, the sun breeze ruffling the Robb's leaves that grow faintly in the dark, delicate and phosphorescent-looking, and the swayed curves of the tomato plants, their first fruit just beginning to show. I am seeing the sun, the straight air-forged beams between, shining with diamond-dusts of sand.

It appeared we at first when I had to "thin out" I laid above those inch-high plants, thinking, "Who am I to do this, what right have I to choose?" But the book said you had to be ruthless, you weren't doing any of these a favor if you allowed them to steal from and hurt one another. So I taught myself to pull things up by the roots. Choosing between the weak and the strong, and sometimes between the strong and the stronger, is supposed to make you philosophical.

I remember a famous philosopher who once wrote in my father's house for dinner. He told us how, after the war, he had been taken on a tour of a concentration camp, and how he went back to his hotel astonished with such important anger that he got a violent headache and could not eat or sleep. While still in this state, he picked up a book on Einstein and suddenly understood for the first time the world-shaking business of "E=mc²" equals mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light," and was filled with a great tranquility and serenity. *could now* (Continued on page 18)

Proper Thoughts on Ireland

by Claud Cockburn

Some facts, hard and helpful, for the confused American

There was," Edward Lee wrote, "an Old Man with a cane, who bumped at it all the day long, but they smiled on, 'Oh, Le! You're a horrid old bore,' so they smashed that Old Man with a cane." Comes a headline, news story, TV report from Ireland, and even before they have found out what it is about, millions of readers and viewers grow nervous as they detect the bumping of the Irish cane. They wish there were some way of stopping it. They wish they could turn off the sound—turn it off briefly, without being stirred by guilt. But they have been told, often and insistently, that to try to dampen the excitement and significance of Ireland is to deny its culture, its history, its past and its future. It is also a betrayal of part of the American heritage and of Western values.

But is there any hope that the noise will diminish, the deaths fall to an acceptable level and stay there? (Compare with Mexico as an example of how such a thing can happen.) The history of Ireland familiar to General Knowledge is not encouraging to the idea. Information on the subject designed from distant and recent memories does not seem to justify such hopes.

Graduates like that early on (in the days of history or Celtic twilight) the island was inhabited by Fomorians and Fionnians (Ulster, in some scholars' minds, was the land of the Fomorians, the land of the giant serpents.) They derided and massacred one another. A typically Irish episode was what happened to a king called Bres. The facts are recorded by Professor John X. W. P. Conomos in the *Lives of the Kings of Ireland* (London, 1902). Bres imposed taxes and burdens on his subjects, and they rebelled against him. A king must be physically without blemish. The Irish people, already aware of what Irish nationalists do, must for a national hard-nosed Cuirbre. He infuriated Bres. The Irish, like the Russians, have always their tyrannical men more brutal than other people do, and they have their tyrannical tyrants. One took hold of his mother's face. He used to whine.

But when not maoosing, the Irish of the time were fine harpists, expert beekeepers and passionate chess players. Later almost all of them became Christians. They were responsible for Christianising large areas

of Germany. Their civilization was the finest in Europe. It looked as though things were set fair.

It was not to be Vikings and Danes burst in and rampaged. And things went barely getting back to normal when the English appeared, plundering, oppressing and land-grabbing. The Irish thought as we know it had begun. English rangers, oppressors of Catholics, and land-grabbers included Sir Walter Raleigh (abetted by the poet Spenser) and Oliver Cromwell. Note: Today, Irish hotels, like hotels elsewhere, provide for the use of tourists, maps showing sites of historic interest, marked by symbols—crossed swords for battle sites, crosses for saints, and so on. But Ireland is the only country where it is necessary to have a map, a little symbol for every site.

Although in the next two hundred fifty years or so as confining and variable. Paris have been disturbed by all concerned for propagandist purposes. Nevertheless, there were times when, despite grim apprehensions, the condition of the peasantry appeared to be improving, agricultural production rose, the population increased, and there were grounds for belief that, as the century drew to a close, the Irish might overcome their own religious and political divisions and thought they might be hearing less of the Irish Question. Thus the potato crop was blighted. As a result of economic conditions imposed on English interests, there was famine, followed by plague. The population was decimated by death and forced emigration. The uneducated Irish took over Turnham Hall and Booter. The political failure of the Kennedy family was announced. And the Irish Question moved on to the United States.

The facts of the next seventy years are the subject of controversy. Suffice it to say that the Irish, with powerful political and financial support from the United States, fought a successful War of Independence against the English, at the cost of surrendering to the English the northeastern section of their country. The War of Independence was followed by the Civil War, fought to ensure that independence was independent. But by the middle of the 1930's, outsiders said it looked as if the deathly had been lowered and had leveled off. The independent Republic of Ireland

was ruled by men in favor of a quiet life, sound Catholic Christian principles and steady profits. The north-west was ruled by men in favor of sound Protestant Christian principles, and steady profits. They were so heartily in favor of a quiet life that they were determined to reduce to the status of second-class citizens the approximately thirty-three percent of the population that might disturb the situation.

Students who finished school at that time did so with the conviction that the messy part of Irish history was over, and that if anyone wanted to go on thinking about the Irish Question he could read about it quietly in any good public library.

Looking in from 1978, observers of history agree on one thing only: What the students were taught was meant to happen has not happened. The good seeds sown have not taken. Tanks are thrown, political matters multiply, British tanks and armored cars rear back and forth across the northern sections of the island, tank troops are withdrawn from U.N. forces in Cyprus to man the frontier, the possibility of civil war is discussed. British history has failed to stop.

Students wishing to take postgraduate courses with the idea of getting their thoughts properly up-to-date often experience difficulty in finding out who is doing what to whom, and who is actually in charge of what. They are advised to study an up-to-date syllabus clarifying these matters. They should at the same time bear in mind that many of the points set out in any such syllabus are vehemently denied by one, two, three or more of those concerned.

First it seemed as "Ulster." It will readily be understood by anyone who has followed the course so far that in the Republic of Ireland it is deemed that "Ulster" is "Ulster." What the people who live up there call, partly for propagandist reasons, "Ulster" is only a section of the old Province of Ulster, and thus ought to be referred to as the six counties. Those intending to visit the island should be careful to call that part "Ulster" when in it, and not when south of it, otherwise they may render themselves suspect. The term "the North" is generally acceptable both sides of the border.

A word, too, on the Republic. There the term "Republicans" is used generally to denote one opposed to, and eager to subvert, the policies of the present and all previous Governments of the Republic.

In the Republic there are three principal political parties: Fianna Fail, Fine Gael, and Labour. For many years, Fianna Fail was regarded as standing slightly to the left of Fine Gael, or, more exactly, less to the right. It had a larger Republican element. This may be so, while giving due weight to the fact that it was a Fine Gael government which finally broke political ties to Britain and proclaimed Ireland an independent Republic.

Pinnas Fall is best seen as a coalition of diverse interests including small farmers and victims of the small shopkeepers and Dublin big business. The sufficiently cohesive purpose of their coalition. To return governmental power. Like they did for many years before the last elections, by which time they had been in power so long that it was possible for oppositional elements to attribute anything whatever that went wrong to the Pinnas Fall government, and raise the general cry, "Throw the rascals out."

Fiene Gael is a coalition of the bigger farmers and sections of the small shopkeepers and Dublin big business. Being popularly considered a conservative party, and thus unopposed with the non-affluent, it formed

for the purpose of taking governmental power from Finance Hall, a coalition with the Labour party.

The Labour party consists of a coalition between moderate socialists and still more moderate socialists whom it would not be improper to think of as pragmatic liberals. The coalition government of Fine Gael and Labour is held together by the desirability of keeping Pádraig Fiailach out of government.

All the named parties are powerfully influenced by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, which, with a profusion analogous to that of a large American corporation contributing to both Democratic and Republican funds, gives support to suitable elements in all three. It need hardly be said that both the hierarchy and the priesthood are quite sharply split between traditionalists and

Outside their parties the principal political force in São Paulo, with its allied military wing, the Irish Republican Army. São Paulo is split into two mutually hostile sections, the Officials and the Provincials. Partly for propagandist reasons, the Provincials are often referred to as *grupos fascistas* and for the same reasons the Officials are described as *atheistic democrats*. The split in São Paulo was encouraged a few years ago, partly by Dublin business and social circles (supported by the *Irish Free Press*), and partly by a group of Irish-American businessmen who had been in São Paulo since the 1920s. They helped to finance and arm the Provincials and the I.R.A. on the general understanding that they would act exclusively in the North against the dominant Provincials there, and with reluctance rather than social objectives. The split was seen also by the hierarchy as a sound move against atheism. It would be unwise for the student to assume that all members of the Provincials were lawless or avaricious; the money of the armists came from, or were certain to shake by a bargain when they deny was ac-

Moving to the North, we see on our right a category of Layolists. Or, more precisely, we would see them on our right were it not that many of them believe and fear that many others among them are moving, or about to move, very far to the left. A Layolist must be understood as a person who is not a member of the Labour Party (it is hard to the point of unrecognizability his opposition to the policy of any given British government, Conservative or Labour. According to the work of month the student happens to be thinking is, it is equally proper to think of the various groups of Layolists as a kind of "left wing" of the Labour Party). There are another. These groups include the official Unionists, the Democratic Unionist party, the Ulster Defence Association, Vanguard, the Ulster Freedom Fighters, and the Ulster Workers' Council, to name a few of them. Some are mostly political, with paramilitary wings, others paramilitary with political backgrounds. However,

Recently the most prominent political leaders, such as the Reverend Ian Paisley and Mr. William Craig, have had to run harder and harder to keep up with their followers, or at least to get near enough to them to try to find out where they think they are headed. The Reverend Mr. Paisley has declared himself in favor of total intervention with the U.K. provided that the U.K. integrates its policies with the Reverend Mr. Paisley's. Mr. Craig, visiting in London to attend the Reverend Craig's of the British Evangelical Union of the County of Devon, is scheduled to give a conference to several Legislators open to anyone, apparently (including the British Agency, who would seek to thwart them).

Opposing the Loyalists are both Progressives and



Officials of the I.R.A. and the Social Democratic Labour party—in no way to be confused with the relatively insignificant North of Ireland Labour party. The S.D.L.P. is predominantly the representatives of the gentry of the Catholic majority and is in favor of a united Ireland except when it is occasionally advised that to say this openly can enrage the Loyalists and alarm moderate Northerners.

The moderates are said to be very numerous. They are, in fact, literally innumerable, since their central line of policy is to sit on their hands with their mouths shut in the belief that if they do not speak, the U.K. will, who contrarily urge them to get up and act with vigorously decisive moderation.

The partial and probably temporary reprieve of Brendan Devlin is usually symbolic of the shifting sands of the North. It is a fact that in the British House of Commons, where the S.D.L.P. is represented, opposing views too socially revolutionary, against the anti-Loyalist vote in their constituency and let the Loyalists in.

The number of civilians killed as the result of the campaign by the Provisional branch of the Irish Republican Army in 1972 was not only in the thousands, but also the number of those killed by the Protestant Loyalists. It is the custom of the Provisionals to give warning of an impending attack and later to claim responsibility for it. Also, when attacking the occupying British Army with some success, they are bombs, and it is not always easy to identify all the totally disarmed victims of a bomb attack.

The provisory squads on the other side on the whole prefer advertised assassination by shots fired at close quarters in the dark and, occasionally, by machine gun. Not that they have, in principle, any objection to the use of bombs. Recently one of their spokesmen claimed that a large bomb, which went off in a car park near a sports field killing one woman, had not been intended to go off there at all. It had simply been parked there while in transit to another destination where it was to have been used by a Catholic Loyalist. There were other deaths too which were accidental, or perhaps one would say, mutually incidental to a situation of that kind. There was, for instance, a man who had spent a good deal of time manhandling a small, badly hit powerful bomb in three at the British Army. He was killed with this objective, not realizing that he was accompanied by his well-trained and faithful retriever dog. He threw the bomb but it hit short of the army patrol. The dog rushed forward to retrieve the bomb. With the bomb in his jaws he came hurtling to lay it at the feet of his good master.

The good master turned and ran but the dog ran faster still and repeated his owner just as the bomb went off hitting them both. An eyewitness of the scene told me in the Belfast manner: "Terrible thing about old George, wasn't it? After the trouble he took to train that dog, still, I really had to laugh the way it was."

He goes on to appeal for peace. The Archbishop of Canterbury appealed for peace. After "Bloody Sunday" when British paratroops killed thirteen civilians in Derry, Dr. Hickey, the George minister of the government of the Irish Republic, appealed to the American Administration and to the United Nations for aid. Despite efforts by Senator Kennedy and his friends, he got a dusty answer, and the U.K. Embassy in Dublin was attended and abashed to hear many voices of staunch Irish Catholic demanding in anger and despite that an ap-

peal for aid of some sort be made to the atheistic Communists in the Republic.

Prominent people on both sides of the border between the Republic and the six northern counties appealed to the moderates to do something. The loudspeaker announcements led to the arrest of three speakers. Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, now minister for people and telegraphs in the Irish government, London in the Republic, issued for over two weeks in their effort to rally the supposed moderates in the North. A campaign, partially successful, was mounted to change the Constitution of the Republic in such a way that the Northerners would lose their fear of their Catholic fellow citizens and even perhaps come to love them. This, it was thought, might be done by demonstrating that the predominantly Catholic Republic was not in fact a dangerous great power, but was not really serious in its claim to jurisdiction over the whole territory of the island, and that it was prepared to legalize divorce and the sale of contraceptives.

There are still many who believe that if people in Belfast were assured that they could buy contraceptives as easily in Dublin as in their own capital they would quickly, by all, and not only by withdrawing their support from such extremist Loyalist leaders as the Reverend Ian Paisley. That proposition has only to be stated to be seen as absurd, but anyone who as far as to think what is properly right to think about Ireland could take it as a sign that anything other than proposed changes in the Constitution, namely those affecting divorce, for this row really does show some light at last, even so, as to say, on one of the reasons for mutual hatred and suspicion and constant attack on the vigorous island, where few people take what other people say on trust.

Article 43 of the Constitution of Ireland states: "The State recognizes the Family as the natural primary and fundamental unit group of Society, and as a moral institution possessing inalienable and inviolable rights, antecedent and superior to all positive laws."

Anyhow, rise in the Western world that might be regarded as a slightly old-fashioned platitudes. In the North of Ireland it is seen with deep suspicion as an attempt to alter the doctrine of the Catholic Church to appease the love of any given government. Paragraph 3 of Article 41 goes on to say: "The State, therefore, guarantees to protect the Family in its constitution and authority as the necessary basis for social order and as indispensable to the welfare of the Nation and the State."

Ask a Northerner whether this be not a worthy sentiment and he will explain to you that what it really means is that, as Catholics trust faster than Protestants, the reference to the family is simply a reference to the probability that in the end Catholics in the North will convert to Protestantism.

The thirteenth sections of the Irish Constitution runs as follows:

"In particular, the State recognizes that by her life within the home, woman gives to the State a support without which the common good cannot be achieved. The State shall, therefore, endeavor to ensure that women shall not be obliged by economic necessity to engage in labor to the neglect of their duties in the home."

Then comes the clincher:

Section 3 of the Constitution announces that, "The State pledges itself to guard with special care the institution of Marriage, on which the Family is founded, and to protect it against attack. No law shall be en-

acted providing for the grant of the dissolution of marriage."

This section of the Constitution is worth brooding on by anybody who wishes to become a little more confused than he is already about the Irish situation. It can be seen as a charter for male chauvinism and the grounds for a powerful women's liberation movement in the Republic. Opponents of that section of the Constitution, and they increase daily, point out that what is described succinctly as protection of the family in fact provides almost total protection for wife desertion, wife beaters, and that very large class of men who can be seen in almost any town carrying grocery bags and dumping the shopping. Tourists suppose that these are deluded husbands anxious to see their spouse to take the burden of housework off the shoulders of their wives. This is not so. The reason is that the husbands refuse to show their wives their pay packets and prefer instead to shop around the supermarkets or the little stores, buying as little as they can for as little as they must pay, in order to save the rest on drink. So we have a male chauvinist Republic. Or we could say it was not and also that large numbers of Irish families are in fact dominated by the grandmother, that Irishmen are famous, almost notorious, for their love and reverence for their mothers and that what is called "Respect for Grandmothers" was enshrined in Irish law under President Douglas Hyde. The Irish are, in fact, in the Golden Age, and perpetuated in an attitude toward the Virgin Mary unparalleled in intensity anywhere north of the Alps or the Pyrenees.

As the question of whether divorce is or is not to be legalized is a question exclusively for the state concerned. But in Ireland every question that would possibly interest anyone inevitably becomes involved with the question of how it affects relations between the Republic and the six northern counties on the one hand, and the British public and Great Britain on the other. So the question of the possible repeal of Article 41 becomes not simply a problem for people in the Republic, but an argument in the already about the attitude the Republic proposes to take toward the six northern counties. It is difficult whether anyone, even Dr. O'Brien, can be said to be a change in the Irish divorce laws—which would certainly be beneficial to women in the North—would really have the slightest effect on the relationship between Dublin and Belfast, or Dublin and London. But O'Brien, whose views command somewhat greater attention in the United States and Great Britain than they do in the Republic of Ireland, sincerely believes that a gesture of this kind would in some way help to rally the moderates in the North and thus take it out of the control of the hand of the Reverend Ian Paisley. These opinions to the moderate here so far proved entirely ineffective, and far too reason. It is the nature of a moderate that what he wants is a quiet life. The moderate has many times in common with the silent majority, which insists almost daily important decisions are taken. The moderate will customarily withdraw, or he will observe, or even talk, which party or group is most likely to power him and his quiet way of life and then just sit. It is an extraordinarily hard to rally anyone in a banner as which is described, as the moderate towns rush into battle, "on the one hand on the other hand."

One difference, it is said, has been preparations and temporary, between the situations in the North and in the Republic is that in the Republic it is still possible to protect oneself a moderate without being necessarily suspect of moral and political cowardice, or of acting as a double agent for some party or other. In the North the opposite is the case and "centrism" is not a dirty word any longer. It is a word which is almost in anyone's grasp. It depends mostly on the extent to which the struggle in the North compels the border and burns more seriously over than they do so to affect public feeling in the Republic. The Republic thus to present itself, and it has some reason for so doing, as a land where anyone seeking the quiet life may find it and where anyone, except perhaps a quarter of a million industrial workers in Dublin and other centers, may hope to make a little more money, to rise to a slightly higher status than his father ever achieved. It is not a very attractive prospect, but it is a reason to point out that the most dangerous road in the Irish Republic is that leading from Shannon Airport to Limerick city. American tourists stop at the Irish-Atlantic planes, jump into drive-through cars and rush toward historic Limerick and the green, unpolluted spaces of Ireland, driving on the wrong side of the road. The feeling of Irish drivers is that they regret this road hazard. But they are happy to see the Americans still conscious, unmolested by misleading reports of violence and the unmanliness of war.

The Republic has been recently described as "the paradise of the modernization of the lost soul." Both descriptions are as near the truth as any such generalization is ever likely to be. The kids or big fannies are doing as well as any farmers in Western Europe, with the possible exception of those in eastern France. (One must of course add here that in the interest of propaganda the Republic is usually declared themselves to be on the verge of ruin as a result of the policies of the Common Market.) And anyone who compares the advertisements of various national tourist boards with the reality which will confront the tourist when he gets to his destination will probably find that the Republic is not so far from the truth by the Irish Tourist Board is nearer the truth than claims made by others. It is naturally enough a fact that because of the smallness of the island numerous American tourists are unable to distinguish between the North and the South and believe themselves likely to be attacked by the IRA and taken to the next convenient instant in Münster as they might be in Belfast.

Gold it may seem to some, there are tourists who find the peace and quiet of the Republic disappointing. A handful of American tourists whose trip was advertised to be conducted in the South, angrily pointed that they be taken to Derry in expectation of severe scrutiny. The driver, who had no intention of making his neck for the sake of these amateur lions, refused to make even an attempt to cross the border and drove the tourists back to Dublin. The Irish government carried a return of part of the money they had paid to see the land of Ireland they had read about in the headlines.

In those headlines, "strife-love" is a word which recurs. The epithet is certainly justified. But just to avoid anyone supposing things to be simpler than they are, one should remember that the Republic is not a simple place.

In addition to being a pleasant place for big farmers and tourists, the Irish Republic is also an exceedingly happy hunting ground for multinational companies. Its natural resources, notably iron, are among the richest in Europe. The problem now arising the country is whether the multinational corporations are to be given or being allowed to take on large. (Continued on page 148)

ZANY AFTERNOONS

Written and illustrated by Bruce McCall

Great moments from the Golden Age of Play



PYRAMID CLIMBING

Antiquity Simply Couldn't Be More Amusing

Chubby Rowland once took the south face of Cheops in the moonlight with a Lanchester saloon full of old Eton chums, but pyramidal climbing was always best at sunset—picnics in the long shadows with those crunchy little sandwiches Shepherd's made up, those adobe wine

all gone back to their little hotels. Lanchesters were unsuitable until Misses came out with that marvelous mock-like thing in '24. But by then, people like Chubby had found out about elephant bombing and had moved on. Chubby gave his string of Lanchesters to his doggeron



INDOOR GOLF

One's Caddie Ate in the Pantry, and Well

Chaps bringing their drives off those seas of sarsot in the Great Hall just for the spectacular ping it made; compare to us who could smelt that Consable hanging in the West Wing—salon golf in Dunmolede, simply feed pinkie! The only tedious part was the spruce in the

penry privs about boiler-cooking and the dreadful hunting we'd get in public. All mad, vicious fun, too relentlessly Twenties to last. One heard in 1930 of Dunmolede demolished by that insane indoor air race, and one thought: how almost satisfying! How very, very nearly absurd!



TANK POLO

God, How Our Gardener Hated That Game!

Hool and mouth had celebrated the party week. Luckily, someone knew someone at the War Department and old Black Jack Perkins himself signed the permits, so the 21 season was averted in the very nick. They were British machines and naturally you had a British driver along

straight off the Seine. Except for Rex Wainwright, Rex brought over that heady German who kept knocking over gardens and charging the soldiers. When he got the Pankhurst Ponce-Arrow with the Pankhurst inside, the Membership Committee had to blackball poor Rex.

WING DINING

A Sort of... Dreamy Nightmare

Hemingway always said the best tables were outdoors beyond the prop wash, where you could see over the wing tip, see all France gliding past down below where usually there would be landmines. Rex would connect all four cables and hold bean-thrashing canteens with Sater and

the others; he was so proud of his ability to judge the wind. Of course, Rex never went up again after that day over Lyons when some foul waiter took away the Dona Petigora beetle that held down the manuscripts he'd been reading, so Ford Maden Ford. It had been a fine piece, too.





THE ZEPPELIN SHOOT

They Fell So Much More Gracefully Than Grouse

It never caught on with the French, no doubt because they were such hopeless shots. The British were too cowardly to spend what you had to spend for a truly grand shoot—you

needed a dozen 200-booms, perhaps fifteen if there were gusts of wind. The Germans? The Germans spoiled the spirit of it, using artillery. Where's the sport in just blast-

ing away with a field piece? No, the Austro-Hungarians were the only ones capable of putting on a decent shoot. Which means you had to begin working on the only old

friend, their ambassador, months beforehand if you cherished any hope of an invitation. The way we flattered him was shameful. Why, we even let him win at bridge!

AUTOGIRO JOUSTS

Bel Air 6, Beverly Hills 0

Montgomerie had just made *Autogiro Force* with that little wacky Nina Gray, anyhow, it got known that all these Autogiro from the big dream sequence could be picked up for a song and pretty soon everybody in town was roosting over for brunch in the thangs. That's how the

poor got scared—a gag rally, something to do while the tape jelled. Then handicapping, then seems it got to that not making a team could drive a man to suicide. Remember poor Billy LeBlanc? But you must bear in mind: this was a terribly competitive set. Terribly!



BLINDFOLD-THE-FLYING-BOAT-PILOT

It Transformed That Dreary Run to Rio

A pompous little steward stopped us from walking the Boardwalk through mounds. Then Brenda got a sudden craving for some dinner by dear Cole, only to find neither a passer nor a passer in the so-called "lounges." Unbearable! Seventeen hours in the air and whatever were we to do for

fun? Well, Brenda was crying with her acid and Benja knew where the cockpit was and off we all went, giggling like schoolchildren. Many of our crowd picked it up later of course. Did it so death you might say. Perhaps the one thing our kind can't afford, Benja said, is boredom.

Mr. Midas

by Lee Bortin

Frank Pick is here to tell you the Government is corrupt, Wall Street is rotten, the dollar is doomed—but, friends, gold is forever

Like a voracious robbers of red army sets, the goldbugs are clearing the dollar and other currencies to bits and strewn the pieces on the garbage dumps of the world's monetary markets. They march to a staccato theme: overprinting debased paper money. Only gold has lasting and finite value.

For the rest of the world that relies on mass paper money, the goldbugs are the messengers not only bringing us the bad news, but profiting by it—hoarding gold, selling currencies short, and throwing on the shores of our navies. The goldbugs are hardly humble (in contrast, ancient kings angry over ill tidings would kill their messengers), and they rub it in—*now* almost they get.

The goldbugs tell us that we are miserably paying for our past prodigies, that we are letting our governments cheat us, that big business is manipulating us, and that we are fools to close our eyes while others are picking our pockets.

No wonder the goldbugs get under our skin so. And the funnest and most businesslike army out of them all is Frank Pick, a seventy-six-year-old currency expert who makes his office in one of the older downtown towers of Wall Street. Pick is all gold and vinegar. He is not a modest man. As the self-proclaimed prophet of gold, he is always working his quads into the world's currencies and anyone who might support them.

Sitting sweet at his desk is an office wallpapered with ungrated replicas of Continental dollars from the American Revolution and French Revolutionary assignats ("The world's first two fraudulent currencies," he says), the European-born Pick loses all sensuous moat about money like a grinding wheel shoots off sparks.

"The dollar has been doomed since 1914, when inflation and corruption began to get a grip on this country," he says. "You should hold only gold, silver, platinum and platinum—maybe copper, steel, antimony and other commodities that cannot be controlled by the United States Government . . . the rest is crap. Our

government is powerless at this moment to prevent the fall of our currency. It is only masturbating with semi-dollars.

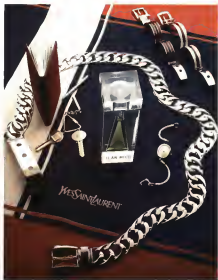
"How do I know this? Because I am the only man in America who has studied currency theory." He answers his own question with a wink and knowing lilt.

The recently legislated permission by the United States Government for U.S. citizens to buy gold in 1975 has only sharpened Pick's ax against the nation's financial establishment, which he believes has let the invisible down the primrose path to perdition. "I do not know how long Wall Street will remain open once buying gold becomes legal," he says. Did the government legalize gold to give the little man a break? "It was for selfish reasons," says Pick, hardly pausing before he asks a question to which he does not expect an answer. "Do you think the United States Government is altruistic . . . the most corrupt government on the globe?" Washington, says Pick, has authorized John Q. Public to buy gold so that the precious metal can later be converted into money. Pick, "it's too late for the average citizen to make anything on gold now that it has already risen so sharply in price. How many people have the sixty-two thousand dollars needed to buy a bar of gold [four hundred troy ounces]?"

A meticulously tailored and profit-oriented man, Pick is something of a cross between Otto von Guericke and Ben Franklin; he can be utterly charming when he turns on the Goezeitelkling. He was born in Leipzig, Bohemia (which later became part of Czechoslovakia), studied at the universities of Leipzig and Hamburg, moved to Paris where he worked as an economic consultant, served as paymaster for the Russian underground, and fled to the United States two days before Paris was occupied by the Nazis.

But he also can be extremely volatile and apocalyptic when it comes to the subject of money or gold. He wakes Glympian pronouncements with the flair of an old-time Shakespearean actor. "Yes, my friends, are a fanatic for advertising that (Continued on page 138)





FINAL OPTIONS

As shopping decisions dwindle down to a precious few, so do gift choices. The last-minute shopper must think in traditional terms, yet, somehow, avoid the obvious clichés. We've made it easy by offering a group of perfected classics still available over the counter. Above, dominating the display on St. Laurent's gift scarf (\$45, shown right) is its Gucci's inner sterling link belt (\$329). It encircles fashion-week editors' best (\$15, Mark Cross), silver and gold-plated Gucci key ring with ball-point pen (\$65), 14-k gold keys from Lambert Bros. (\$115, left), and (\$94), new perfume by Jean Muir (\$75 at Saks, Hearshead's) women's watch with sterling band (\$179). Bracelets in polished

metal/ enamel (top right \$45 each) are Jean Gucci. Right beige silk and wool scarf by St. Laurent (\$75, Mooringdale's) surrounds Filene playing cards two decks (\$4), black lacquer lighter (\$125) and brass cigarette case (\$33) by Dunhill. Turquoise cigarette holder (\$42), by Gucci. Smokers' love Raymond Ranson vodka (\$8.99) and Wyborowa, 100-proof Polish vodka (\$8.99). Gargling lemon-glass (\$19.95 a pair), brown leather tobacco pouch with pipe compartment (\$39), Gucci. From Dunhill: pipe/ lighter/ pack (\$7.50). Royal Yacht tobacco (\$4.30/4 oz.), straight-grain pipe (\$175). Montecristo cigar (\$25/box of 25) cigar cutter (\$55). All stores are in N.Y.C.





Above, women's 35" silk scarf from Gucci (145). It also available in men's 50" square (\$79). It serves as backdrop for Peter Cardin's gold-finish tie clip for left, \$6) and money clip (\$11), both at Marshall Field, Chicago, and Robmann's Los Angeles. Horse-head shoehorn of polished metal and leather is by Gucci (\$25). Cardin cuff links of jade and onyx (\$18). Marshall Field's men's brown lambskin wallet, also by Cardin (\$22.50). Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C., distinctive neck tie over shirt by Pico Robonne from Peter D'YCA cat; Bulova Accutron watch with lizard strap will serve for a year on an electric call (\$120). Men's hand-stitched gloves all grey calf cow imported.

from France (145). *Albidondus* NYC: Right-hand soap
Helmitt silk evening commode in heavy belt pers (145) and
matching bow tie (150). from Boston Teller NYC: top left,
fingering brush of bodger and bottle for Kent of London (145).
Sewdowool: Interrelated Catalogue by Arden for Men in silver
spare bottle (157) (181). Duffell's classic toilet (157-58)
41% (157). After bottle clitoris brush in satin lined wood (155).
smoked tortoiseshell spoils (157) and midway handbrush of
red bristle in satin lined wood (157-58) are all by Kent of Lon-
don, English cosmetics soap by Bromley (157-58) are in asso-
ciated tortoiseshell soap dish (155) or Royal Cosmetics NYC.





Heart of a Champion

by T. Coraghessan Boyle

And oh them eyes

*H*ere are the corn fields and the wheat fields winking gold and goldbrown and rubebrown in the dry sun. Up the grassy slope we go, to the barn colder than red against sky bluer than blue, across the smooth stretch of the barnyard with its peeling shingles, and then right on up to the screen door at the back of the house. The door swings open, a black hole in the sun, and Timmy emerges with his corn-silk hair. He is dressed in crisp overall, striped T-shirt, stubby blue Keds. There must be a breeze—and we are not disappointed—his clean fine cap-cut hair waves and settles as he scuffs across the barnyard to the edge of the field. The boy stops there to gaze out over the wheat-masses, eyes fascinated despite the sun, eyes blue as tinted lenses. Then he brings those fingers to his lips in a neat triangle and whistles long and low, sloping up sharp to cut off at the peak. A moment passes, he whistles again. And then we see it—out there at the far corner of the field—the ripple, the dusky furrow, the blur of the strutting dog, white chest, flaking feet.

They are in the woods now. The boy whistling, hands in pockets. Moving along with his short sailing strides, the dog beside him wearing the white tip of her tail, an all-clear flag. They pass beneath an arching black-barked oak. It creaks, and suddenly begins to ring itself down on them: rummies, brutal: a pounce strikes. The boy's eyes electric and then there's the leap, the instant steel clinking in ironies, the thunder-blast of the trunk, the dark and spinning leaves. "Golly, Lanna, I didn't even see it," says the boy, sitting safe in a mound of moss. The colts look up at him—the white snout, the deep gold legions' eyes—and lops at his face.

Now they are down by the river. The water is brown with angry aspergations, agitated with houseflies, fence posts, trees, and logs. It rushes like the sales of bonnets, chatters deep and cautious at the bank under Timmy's feet. The roar is like a jetport—little wonder the boy cannot hear the dog's warning bark. We watch the crack appear, widen to a ditch, then the halves spitting—snatch of red earth, swirls of worms—she poses and pines, and Timmy cranking down with it. Just a flash—but already he is way downstream, his head like a pinfish pup, dashed and bobbed, spinning

toward the easy mouth of the falls. But there is the dog—flat as a flatfish—floating along the bank, all white and gold, bleached in position, hair slicked with the wind of it—yet what can she hope to do? The current surges on, lengths ahead, sure bet to win the race to the falls. Timmy sweeps closer, sweeps closer, the falls loom as a hundred turpans now, the war drums of the River. Adfies goes bloodst red! The dog forges ahead, lurching over the wet earth like a whipsnake, straining every garbidge, until at last she draws abreast of the boy. Then she is in the air, then the foaming yellow water. Her paws chattering like pinballs, whiskers chaffing with corries—oh, the race!—and there, she's got him, her sure jaws clamping down on the shirt collar, her eyes fixed on the slip of rock at falls' edge. The black break of the falls, the white paws durning at the rock—and they are safe. The dog scuffs at the next little form, nudges the boy's side until she manages to roll him over. She clears his tongue and begins mouth-to-mouth.

Night: the barnyard still, a bulb burning over the screen door. Inside, the family sits at dinner, the table heaped with pork chops, mashed potatoes, applesauce and peas, home-baked bread, a pitcher of immaculate milk. Mom and Dad, good-humored and sympathetic, poised at attention, forso in mid-swing, while Timmy tells his story.

"So then Lanna grabbed me by the collar and, golly, I guess I fainted out because I don't remember anything more till I wake up on the rock."

"Well, I'll be," says Mom.

"You're lucky you've got such a good dog, son," says Dad, peering down at the colts where she has scrunched, snout over paw, tail wagging the floor. She is combed and crinkled and furled, her lusher moustached and curled, chest and jaws white as soap. She looks up humbly. But then her ears wag, her neck jerks around—and she's up at the door, head cocked, alert. A high yapping howl, like a stubborn fire whistle, shudders through the room. And then another. The dog whines. "Warn," says Dad. "I thought we were rid of those opelets. Next thing you know they'll be after the children again."

The moon blankets the yard. (Continued on page 162)

Johnny, When Will Ye Get Your Library?

by Gerry Nadel

Twelve years ago, J.F.K. selected the site that would become his lasting memorial. Today, nobody much digs it

On May 13, 1953, John Fitzgerald Kennedy went to Boston to select a site for the Presidential library to which he planned to retire in 1960. People cheered the President wherever he went that day and crowded in as close as they could. A lock, a handclasp, that's all they wanted. They were happy to be there.

Nearly twelve years later, the site is still as hot as it then. The President John F. Kennedy Memorial Library is yet to be built. The Johnson library has already been open for nearly four years—long enough, in fact, for the marble facing to begin flaking off while Austin leads refs. to an Elyria's pyramid. Preparations were proceeding for a Nixon library even as that President's misadventure with his place in history. But progress is yet to be heard on the site John Kennedy saw in May, 1953.

It was a rare day. The New England winter had only begun to surrender to spring. The President's visit had not been announced in advance. But word got around, and when the President's helicopter arrived from Hyannis Port, several hundred people were waiting for him on the Harvard Business School lawn.

A few police and Secret Service men formed a weak cordon around the President. Someone in the crowd yelled, "How about a speech?" Kennedy just shook his head slightly, he paced around, looking over the site, answering it for his library. The ceremonial with

the Harvard officials escorting him. The crowd could see something was bothering him about the view. He raised his arm and asked it down toward the Charles River several times.

A chant began: "Speech... speech... speech." "It not leader as the crowd got barker. People were all over the lawn.

"Hey, Mr. President," someone shouted. "This is no way to look things over—you ought to come back when the property isn't covered with people." Kennedy grinned broadly. There he climbed onto a lamppost which took him across

the Charles River into Cambridge. It stopped at the Metropolitan Transit Authority's Bennett Street subway stop. Kennedy was inspecting it when Walter Sullivan, a city commissioner, now mayor of Cambridge, rushed up to him.

Kennedy asked, "How's Edie?" Sullivan was flustered. How did the President know his brother had been hospitalized?

Sullivan trailed after the President as he explored the twelve-acre site. It seemed ideal. It was next to Harvard, and the view of the



1963 J.F.K. inspects Harvard Business School site for library; he prefers subway yard with river view.

Charles River was spectacular.

"What do you think?" Sullivan asked eagerly.

"It's lovely," the President told him. He looked around again and repeated, "Lovely. But it must be an awfully expensive piece of land, and I don't know if we can put the M.T.A. out of here."

"But you do like it," Sullivan probed. "I love it," Kennedy answered. The President examined several other possible sites before returning to the Business School lawn and his helicopter. The crowd was still there. Everyone pressed in for a closer look as the President approached. "Nobody beyond this line," a Secret Service man ordered. Kennedy moved toward the chopper. So did the crowd. The Secret Service men retreated to draw new imaginary lines. Finally, he ordered the police guard to lock hands and form a screen, and Kennedy made it aboard.

He obviously liked the Bennett Street yards better than any of the other sites he saw that day. He returned for another look at the M.T.A. property in October during the very last visit he ever made to his hometown. Kennedy went to Boston for a Democratic party fund-raising rally, and some football—the Harvard-Colgate game. He visited the yards during the same vacation.

By now, it was no secret that the President was interested in the M.T.A. yards. The Harvard board asked up a routine for its half-time show about a Presidential library in a certain Dave Powers remembers that Kennedy laughed heartily that afternoon.

No one was closer to John Kennedy than Dave Powers except Robert Kennedy. Powers was the only one to accompany the President when he stopped out of Harvard Stadium before the game ended to visit the Brookline cemetery where his infant son Patrick was buried. Then they headed downtown to the hotel where Kennedy would stay until after the rally.

On the way, they stopped at Schreff's for a hottenotch sandwich. Schreff's address had been a mystery rumor for Kennedy and Powers during all of Kennedy's pre-Presidential campaigns—beginning in 1946, when Powers, the old Charlestown seafarer who knew everyone in the district, agreed to be the candidate in his very first run for Congress. While they were eating, Kennedy asked Powers, "Get me a chocolate frappe with vanilla. We're as I can have it later at the



1965 Kennedy's choice, subway yard near Harvard Square, becomes official site; trains must find new depot.

hotel." Then they walked down Bay State Street to the hotel, Powers carrying the takeout bag with the milk shake in it. Powers, who seems to have total recall of every moment he ever spent with John Kennedy, remembered afterward, "The automobiles were brought into each other because the drivers were staying at the President, and everybody I knew in Boston wanted to know later what I was carrying on the paper bag."

A month later, Powers was in the car directly behind John Kennedy's convertible when it rolled onto Dudley Street in Dedham. He was about Air Force One when the President's body was flown back to Washington. Jacqueline Kennedy and her husband's friends gathered around the casket for an arboreal walk.

Jacqueline took Powers' hand. "Oh, Dave, you've been with Jack all these years. What will you do now?"

Eleven years later, Powers was behind a desk in a two-chance contracting eleven thousand members of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. He had had to continue with President Johnson, but when another Kennedy believer, Kenny O'Donnell, got, L.B.J. told him, "Take Powers with you—he's never worked for anyone around here except you and the Kennedy group." That was January, 1966, and soon after, Dave Powers was back where he wanted to be, where he had always been since 1946—in the

penchant of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

He became curator of the museum that would form a part of the Kennedy Memorial Library. When he took the post, the library was scheduled to open in 1968. Now, the earliest date anyone would predict was 1978—fifteen years after John Kennedy's death. It had been and would be a long, long time.

John Kennedy was already planning his library by June, 1961, hardly six months after he became President. Harvard president Nathan Pusey, among others, had visited the White House to suggest that the Chief Executive "choose Harvard as the repository of his remains."

If that seems a bit early, it wasn't. Men who won the Presidency, having achieved all else that there is to achieve, were on to a new temporal form of competition. Their major political dynamic became their racing against every other man who ever held the job.

Every President since Hoover has attempted to rig the game a little. All have sought to build libraries as shrines to their memories and reputations.

Until Roosevelt, retiring Presidents, if they bothered to save their papers at all, simply shipped them to the National Archives. But Roosevelt's death, at least twelve years' worth of Presidential documents, too much for the Archives to han-



1973 I. M. Pei's design for memorial meets Kennedy's approval, but earns critics' and community's disapproval.

dile. So he designed his own library at Hyde Park. Opened in 1941, it became a center for scholarly research and, swiftly, a major tourist attraction. Herbert Hoover, long since out of office but still alive and worried about rehabilitating his reputation, decided to build a library, too. He followed the pattern established by F.D.R., raising funds by private donation, then donating the library to the government to administer in perpetuity. It doesn't take much to establish a Presidential Tradition. But Kennedy's library just can't seem to get off the ground.

Kennedy was probably pleasant even before Pei's 1941 visit to look his library to Harvard. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. was assigned to work with the university. By April, 1943, Schlesinger was in Cambridge taking recordings that would establish a site was still in the "preliminary" stage. But, he said, there was "no real strategy."

Kennedy wanted the Harvard notes because his library would be not merely a place to store his records. It would be a place to store himself. Kennedy would be only fifty-one when he left office after a second term in January, 1960. The project doesn't designate much of a role for ex-Presidents, and Kennedy would have two decades or so in which he'd have to do something to do. Teaching seemed to him the most graceful role he could assume. Academia had been his

first love, before brother Joe's untimely death and his brother's ambitious thrust him into politics. Harvard, his alma mater, was the obvious choice of a place to teach. In fact, "He might have become president of Harvard," according to old Charleston neighbor Powers, who sees that as a natural step upward from the White House.

When Kennedy visited Cambridge in May, 1943, he was looking for a site for a 100,000-square-foot building where he could teach a few seminars, write his memoirs, and generally stay in the circle of after-statement. His would be the centerpiece, the main exhibit of his own library.

The trip to Dublin changed all this. Three weeks of conversation at a library, and it would still be at Harvard. After the announcement Pease announced that he and the President had, a month before J.F.K.'s death, signed the required papers designating a library site at Harvard. The signing had taken place at the White House a few days after the Harvard-Columbian name split.

The President had signed papers for the spot on the Business School lawn—on the M.T.A. Bennett Street property. He had not thought he could get the M.T.A. land. The price was high and the M.T.A. sluggish about moving off. That

what a living President could not get, a dead President, especially a wartime President, could. It soon became apparent that planning for the library was now centered on the Bennett Street site.

If his survivors had built on the B-Schick site, the Kennedy Library would have long since been opened. But, they insisted, the M.T.A. property was land the President had walked upon, walked upon. It took on an aspect of holy ground, like the spot from which Abraham Lincoln ascended onto heaven. This, his heirs said, was the land that Kennedy had wanted most, and that were determined to get it for him.

Planning solidified in January, 1954, little more than a month after the announcement. There was a meeting at the Georgetown home Jackie had borrowed from Anne's business. The Rest and the Architect were there: Robert Kennedy and Ted Schlesinger, John Kenneth Galbraith, Ted Sorensen, McGovern Bundy, and Harvard professors Samuel Beer and Leo Price. They were searching for a way, and they found it. If John Kennedy as a living presence at his library. He would have suggested it just by being there had he lived. Now he was gone and his heirs wanted a living institution rather than a museum. The museum, they determined, must not be a critic's shop of inert relics—the J.F.K. locker behind a velvet rope. The exhibits must come alive, they decided. The visitor must feel, and discuss, giving a sense of a Chief Executive at work.

Then someone suggested the oral history. Hundreds of tape recordings of his speeches, and generally his role after statements. His would be the centerpiece, the main exhibit of his own library. The trip to Dublin changed all this. Three weeks of conversation at a library, and it would still be at Harvard. After the announcement Pease announced that he and the President had, a month before J.F.K.'s death, signed the required papers designating a library site at Harvard. The signing had taken place at the White House a few days after the Harvard-Columbian name split. The President had signed papers for the spot on the Business School lawn—on the M.T.A. Bennett Street property. He had not thought he could get the M.T.A. land. The price was high and the M.T.A. sluggish about moving off. That

along with Kennedy's in the best minds that were preparing the site still needed something more to give the library the life it would have had were Kennedy there. He'd planned to teach. It was decided to make his memoirs do that for him. Now, instead of writing his memoirs, the library to Harvard, the plan was to make it an integral part of the university. A \$10,000,000 endowment would be raised for a Kennedy School of Government to house a Kennedy Institute of Politics. It would be the third division of the library—along with the archives and the museum.

It all made the Bennett Street site more important than ever. The Business School property had been adequate when the concept was for a 100,000-square-foot library building. The new tripartite plan—archives, museum, and school—would require nearly triple that amount of space. Besides, if the library was to become a part of Harvard, it would have to be at the university's main complex in Cambridge. The search for an architect was under way. It looked like it would become the largest talent hunt since Beethoven could find it. It began in April, 1964, with the Grand Proposition of the Architects to Cambridge—Sir Basil Spence, Hans van der Kolk, Peter Behrens, I. M. Pei, John Warshawsky, and a dozen others of the Advisory Committee on Art and Architecture for the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. Their charge was to answer different ideas and ensure that they were carried out according to the President's wishes. Kennedy's only known mandate for the design was carried in the meeting by Warshawsky, who had collaborated with him on preliminary planning.

Jackie appeared on television in mid-January to thank the 800,000 people who had sent messages of condolence following the assassination. She assured her young countrymen, whispering their tears, that each message would be placed in the library, "treasured not only for my children, but so that future generations will know how much our country and people are united in their thought of us. . . . I hope that, in years to come, many of you and your children will be able to visit the Kennedy Library."

In May, a collection of J.F.K. memorabilia was sent up to the building. Jackie opened the

exhibition in New York. "I suppose the photographs are the hardest to look at," she had reported. The money poured in for the shrine to the martyred President. More than \$2,000,000, individual donations in person, notes and letters, was poured in those first months. A TV news commission donated all the overtime money he had earned the weekend of the assassination. The A.P. C.I.O. loaned fifty desks from each of its member schools for the library floor. The Red Sox played a benefit game. William Manchester, honoring the agreement that permitted him to publish, eventually contributed a percentage of royalties from *Death of a President* amounting to \$1,164,000.

Things were moving along, even with the Kennedy now preoccupied by other matters. Bobby was running for Senator. Teddy ended the year in the hospital, his back broken in a plane crash. The search for an architect was under way. It looked like it would become the largest talent hunt since Beethoven could find it. It began in April, 1964, with the Grand Proposition of the Architects to Cambridge—Sir Basil Spence, Hans van der Kolk, Peter Behrens, I. M. Pei, John Warshawsky, and a dozen others of the Advisory Committee on Art and Architecture for the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. Their charge was to answer different ideas and ensure that they were carried out according to the President's wishes. Kennedy's only known mandate for the design was carried in the meeting by Warshawsky, who had collaborated with him on preliminary planning.

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"I suppose the choice was a little unorthodox," she admitted at the press conference introduced the forty-seven-year-old architect. "After all, some of the others were much better known. . . . But Pei's been things to be beautiful. . . . We felt that Pei's best work, as John Kennedy's was in 1966, is just as good." Which was true. One of the Pei firm's triumphs, the Christian Science Church Center in Boston, was still in the future. So was his largest drifter—Boston's John Hancock Tower, with its skyward weakness.

Early in 1963, the Bennett Street site was officially chosen. There was 200 in Cambridge. The city council passed a resolution pledging to "do everything in its power" to help build the library in Cambridge, especially if it went onto the M.T.A. property. The Kennedy Library people would be passing out Harvard notes of that resolution on their way to a later, after Cambridge enthusiasm had somewhat waned.



1974 I. M. Pei's second design, two modest triangular buildings set among trees, may require further modification.

A September, 1968, *Newsweek* Globe editorial called the Bennett Street section "nothing less than an acquisition," and "ideal" in its access to public transportation. It would become "part and parcel" of the city and the great university. Kennedy "loved and served." Here, the editorial exclaimed, "is a challenge the people will certainly rise to without complaint. Their eternal gratitude to John Fitzgerald Kennedy demands no less."

The newspaper urged passage of a bill authorizing the state to buy the land and donate it to the library. Since Kennedy was the only witness called when the bill got a legislative hearing in October, "My son never thought in terms of a memorial to himself." His voice breaking, she continued, "The Kennedy family decided that a library along the Charles River would perpetuate [his] principles better than anything else. It is the only Kennedy memorial for which we have solid support." The project then took exactly eighteen months to raise \$7,000,000 to purchase the land. It was the high point for the library project. Never again was anything accomplished without a fight.

The library had its land chain slashed over, and the money to pay for the property. The problem was getting the rail yards off the site. No one knew where to put the railway cars. The Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority, the M.B.T.A. had changed its name, couldn't find a neighborhood to take

them. The first plan was a move to the Dock Street section of Boston, but the people in that neighborhood wanted none of it. There was a hospital in the area, and the protesters persuaded the legislature to prohibit any M.B.T.A. facility within eight hundred yards of any hospital site. Next, the M.B.T.A. tried relocating to marshland in Milton. This time the objections came from conservationists. Again, the M.B.T.A. backed down. The Authority then tried to move its cars to land it already owned in the Mattapan section of Boston. Once more, the plan ran into trouble.

This time the block was someone who had a political grudge against Ted Kennedy—which explains, also, what role the married Kennedy clan was playing in all of this. Kennedy wasn't used to writing ten days, much less ten years, for something they want. But even their power can't always get through the Byzantine tangle of Boston-area politics. State Representative Michael Paul Finner had supported Ted in his political efforts, but when Finner had twice tried to move into higher office, he detected a certain lack of enthusiasm from the Kennedys. Ted, he claimed, had done as little as he could get away with, and what kind of a way, now, is that to treat a friend? Finner felt betrayed, and as Boston-area politics, the operative principle is DON'T GET MAD, GET EVEN. So when the M.B.T.A. tried

moving to Mattapan to make way for the Kennedy Library, Finner felt a bit. It would require the M.B.T.A. to obtain legislative approval in advance, something it provided a residence facility in any city with more than 150,000 people. The M.B.T.A. saw a whole new universe of trouble opening up. They dropped Mattapan.

The M.B.T.A. tried its spot finally, in South Boston, and announced it on November 21, 1968—one day before the sixth anniversary of the assassination. They would move in the Peas Central southwesterly in South Boston, but not so fast. First of all, Kevin White, the mayor of Boston, didn't like the plan. Some days of fevered negotiations ensued. Ted Kennedy himself put together the votes that got the deal shaped by the M.B.T.A. advisory board. It was not a particularly graceful episode. But Ted, too, believes in DON'T GET MAD, GET EVEN. A couple of years later, when George McGovern wanted White to run with him as the Vice-Presidential candidate, Kennedy said no, and White was left with a phone that never rang.

Even after the M.B.T.A./Peas Central deal was approved, it hung fire. The Peas Central was enmeshed in one of the grandest, dirtiest backwaters in the minds of American finance. That meant everything had to be reviewed for a succession of banks, city council referenda, and courts. There are not people who can testify. But finally, the Peas Central began moving out of South Boston, and the M.B.T.A. began preparations to vacate the Bennett Street yards. They're not entirely out yet.

Despite all, by November 26, 1971, eight years after the assassination, David Powers was predicting that ground would be broken on May 26, 1976. He stressed the date May 26 was Kennedy's birthday, and Powers, facing the inevitable assassination-suspicion interview, exclaimed that the earth day was the day to remember, not the date John Kennedy died.

But people were beginning to forget everything. A few months earlier, Helen Kennedy's letter to the Kennedy Library Corporation had announced that fund raising had stopped. The corporation had raised \$18,500,000, but no one was serious, in the face of the recession, whether that would be quite enough. Mrs. Kennedy didn't see much hope of raising more money. "We were able to raise a lot more

money in Mattapan to make way for the Kennedy Library, Finner felt a bit. It would require the M.B.T.A. to obtain legislative approval in advance, something it provided a residence facility in any city with more than 150,000 people. The M.B.T.A. saw a whole new universe of trouble opening up. They dropped Mattapan.

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But the Kennedy Library Corporation doesn't see the task force as a mission. The corporation was 65—and Kennedy is particularly on the main obstacle to getting the library built. Shumruk, as the task force public-relations director, wrote articles for *The Harvard Crimson* encouraging the project. He spends endless hours talking with reporters and making Xerox copies of relevant clippings for them. He goes through the clippings to correct them whenever his name is misspelled.

He was flipping pages in the scrapbook now. He came to the pictures from the news conference on May 26, 1973, the day Dave Powers had predicted ground would be broken for the library. Instead, it was the day L. M. He finally announced his design, nearly nine years after he was commissioned.

Reminders of the Kennedy clan had gathered in the Public House



LOYALIST Dave Powers, keeper of the flame, stands amid 11,000 bits of memorabilia stored for a decade in Federal warehouse awaiting permanent home.

filled plans for a Holiday Inn at Harvard Square to rise sixteen stories, higher than anything else around. Nobody liked that at all. The task force mediated between the city and the developer, and ten stories got knocked off the building. That was pretty handy too.

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for the unveiling—Teddy with Caroline, flanked by then his brother-in-law Stephen Smith, president of the Library Corporation, and Eunice Shriver. Dave Powers was, of course, present. Peas' coat was in the middle of the room. The building was a sort of squared cement: three wings, straight walls on the outside and curved within, embracing a giant glass pyramid eighty-five feet tall, flat on top.

Massachusetts Governor Francis Sargent, Peas' advocate during their M.I.T. days and the only Republican present, was asked to try a few words—but probably not the few words he chose. He grumbled and noted: "There's a great deal of glass and Mr. Peas has been having difficulty with glass lately." He walked in the great doorway of the Rack Bay where the Black Tower stood. Peas managed in this study and assured everyone the techniques for this glass had been well tested.

There was some coming for him in his press outfit. The design was absolutely seared. Arthur Wolf Van Kerkhoff called the flattened glass pyramid "visual symbol of the presidential power of John Ken-



OPONENTS Father Richard Shumruk and Councilwoman Sandra Graham, Cambridge activists, say tourist influx and increased real-estate values caused by library will ruin Harvard Square neighborhood.

nady's achievement tragically truncated by fate." Ada Louise Huxtable of *The Times* asked acerbically, exactly, Presidents had started getting into posthumous competition. J. Carter Baker, chairman of the Federal Commission of Fine Arts and one of those who had recommended Pei to Jackie, wrote Pei a letter: "Even the great have their days of Pei. As a friend, I do sincerely hope his building won't, in the judgment of history, be considered pure."

I was literally back to the drawing board for Pei. The museum had made entirely clear, Pei withdrew the design some months later, and in June, 1974, came up with a new one. The plan seemed more sane. In place of the one square mile containing the library and Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, there were now two roughly triangular buildings facing each other across an open plaza—for the museum and arches, the other for the Kennedy school.

Pei's new design attempted to meet contemporary objections to his initial effort. Critics had complained that the poured concrete of the original buildings would be against the predominant brick Harvard motif (even though many of Harvard's most recent buildings are, themselves, poured concrete). Pei's new design would use brick for the two buildings. People had charged that the original plan, with the open part of the present facade the Charles River, "tied us back on Harvard Square." His new plan placed the buildings' front porch, toward the square. And, of course, about everyone had attacked the glass program (except the Globe, which called it "a distinctive signature on the Cambridge skyline"). Pei's revised scheme eliminated it altogether.

But it was too late. The radical first design had given opponents of the project something to rally around and the battle was quickly joined.

Father Shmuck was sitting behind the desk in his tiny office, the seraphim closed now. He wore glasses and an open-collared sports shirt. "I'm infuriated," he said. He looked an old, well-preserved man.

"No one did much about the library before 1975 because nothing seemed to be going on. They were having all their money getting for the M.R.T.A., [relocated]. He passed to right his pipe. "But by April,

1975, we had received information from them which made us decide there were going to be difficulties."

Difficulties—Shmuck links them off life specifications in a declaration of war. "The museum in the problem—if they were only building archives, they could open tomorrow with no problem. But a museum will draw two million visitors a year. Don't believe it—but at the museum, they had better stories are told, sex, and the Kennedy. What are we going to do with two million people? What are we going to do with their cars? Traffic in Harvard Square is at saturation level already. There was supposed to be a 'related further' portion in the library plan, according to produce tax revenue for Cambridge. All they could see is a parking lot—and for only four hundred cars! We need space for at least a thousand. What's going to happen to business in the square? Are we going to get a bunch of high-class, Park Avenue, Street corner shops? What will happen to the life and character of the square when it's suffocated with tourists?"

Across the Charles, in the Bowdoin Street apartment facing the State House that was John Kennedy's legal residence from 1946 on, Al Pierce was laughing at Shmuck's charges. "That two million figure is like saying—let's get it. It's a very realistic level figure. It's 2,000,000 in 1980. But it's a good estimate." Pierce is Shmuck's opposite number, the man who does most of the talking for the library. One question, his new plan placed the buildings' front porch, toward the square. And, of course, about everyone had attacked the glass program (except the Globe, which called it "a distinctive signature on the Cambridge skyline"). Pei's revised scheme eliminated it altogether.

"In 1955, our traffic consultants, Barton-Archman Corp., wrote a report you can't find a lot of. It was called 'The Traffic Study.' When they wrote it, they checked the visitor tally at the Kennedy grave site in Arlington. It was about six million in 1946 and 1947. So, they estimated that between 1949 and 1,250,000 people would visit the Kennedy Library each year. That was their true estimate, but they were worried. Everything we were planning was going to be based on the visitor figure. They were afraid of change. They underestimated, they employed a huge figure for their recommendations of two million. They never expected that many people. It was only a 'four factor' formula is possible, let us consider the worst possible set of conditions."

"Well, time passes. By the time

Barton-Archman updated its study for us in 1973, only about two to three million people were visiting the grave site—half as many as eight years before. So they felt safe in setting a four million figure for the museum of one million the first two years it's open, dropping to 800,000 after that." Pierce grinned a little little smile. "Our critics won't let us of that 1980 figure. They want to say there'll be two million people in Harvard Square, an invasion of people. But there won't be."

Pierce is not too impressed by the critics, especially the people in the big houses on Brattle Street, the "booked party crowd," where, he says, the opposition is centered. These neighborhood association publishes pamphlets asking what the banks of the Charles will be like when they're covered with people eating "fried foods." Then, there's Debbie Gifford, who has a strange reduced role in the controversy. On one hand, she's known for opposing developments in general and the Kennedy Library in particular. On the other, she's the wife of Dan Gifford. He used to be one of Ted Kennedy's top aides. Now he's found a new line of work. He's a developer. Debbie wrote a letter to her husband's former boss, the Senator, warning about the "iron-chicken, paper-flaming, chicken-swinging" crowd the library would attract. "There are the kinds of critics we're up against," Pierce says. "They don't say anything when 40,000 people come to town for the Harvard-Yale game. They don't mind them, they don't mind Middle Americans from Dan Wagon."

"But the critics are a minority. Most of the people of Cambridge, including a majority of the city council, are in support. There are the kinds of critics we're up against," Pierce says. "They don't say anything when 40,000 people come to town for the Harvard-Yale game. They don't mind them, they don't mind Middle Americans from Dan Wagon."

The Federal Government has ordered an Environmental Impact Statement, as required by law, since the property will eventually be owned by the U.S. General Services Administration. The survey must be completed, finally, the argument over the effect the library will have on Harvard Square. But it won't. It's under attack because it has even been written. Critics charge that C. E. Martin, Inc., the consulting firm hired by the G.S.A. to do the survey, is suspect because of the possibility it allowed feasibility



MEANWHILE twelve-acre subway site looks as it did a decade ago; ground is yet to be broken for library and court fight over it now appears imminent.

study findings as a cost-saver—cargos docking facility under pressure from the Massachusetts Port Authority. The company has managed to convince the city of South Cambridge that the black city councilmen in South Cambridge, who have been fighting Harvard expansion into her blue-collar Riverside-Cambridgeport neighborhood, the city crashed the Harvard commercial concession to grab the microphone and said, "Now you listen to us, Harvard!" Ever since, Harvard has listened. The Kennedy Library just means more expansion into her neighborhood. Graham says, and property values and rents will jump sky-high. That's a "most far-reaching act," according to Pierce, adding that the Brattle Street fight claims the library will reduce property values in their neighborhood.

That night at the church, Graham reported she had tried to arrange a meeting with Senator Kennedy only to be told he would see her "at his convenience." Pierce took the microphone. "I think you should know this..." Mrs. Graham asked for this meeting, and all of you know the Senator's son is critically ill with bone cancer. We told her the Senator's son was sick and

she said, "When my children are sick, I get a baby-sitter." He passed, waiting for the bomb to drop. But there was nothing but silence. He started to go on, "I just thought you should know..." but he never got a chance to finish. Everyone was looking. Graham was on her feet. "Look, man, don't you trust my words. No one told me the kid had cancer. They made me think he had a cold. Don't you trust my words?"

Something was going very wrong. In the old days, a simple sentence that a Kennedy child was ill would have induced an audience to sympathetic coos and sighs. But something, now, was gone. A Kennedy child who was ill was not an other sick kid.

And a Kennedy Library was just another "broked development," as Debbie Gifford puts it. That's her Cause—fighting two-fold developments. Sandra Graham's Cause is fighting Harvard expansion. Father Shmuck is no less than "Our Father Herrigan."

The Kennedy Library had bumped up against something new in the world. Everyone has a Cause, and, says someone who knows the Kennedy. (Continued on page 150)

What's Better than The Pill, Vasectomy, Celibacy and Rhythm?

by David M. Rorvik

An exclusive report on the perfect (perhaps) male contraceptive

The jockstrap, its place in sports history already *roughly* secure (*Esquire*, October, 1974), may yet attain a grander eminence in the world at large than even the advertising campaign of *Like A Hot Athlete Products*, its by no means fanciest, could ever have dreamed possible. For, when the final chapter in its history is written, the jockstrap will be credited with contributing mightily to the protection of mankind from various past, present, present and, it now appears fantastically possible, conceivable.

The latest contraceptive potential of the jockstrap was first called to my attention several years ago by Dr. John Rock, the Harvard reproductive researcher who was one of the principal developers of The Pill. I was startled by his unreserved statement: "Any clothing that prevents maintenance of an intravaginal temperature that is at least one degree centigrade [1.8 degrees F] below body temperature will significantly lower sperm output. Daily wear of a well-fitted, closely knit jockstrap results in infertility after four weeks. Normal output gradually is resumed after three weeks without such interference. Reducing the sensation is too far: one half hour daily may increase sperm output in perhaps ten percent of moderately asthenic [low-average-count] men and result in a long-awaited pregnancy."

Even before this seemed the notion that would surely have dashed or possibly tripped the price of a good jockstrap since I had purchased one (for neighborhood basketball), my microscopic calculations assured me we would come out rather smartly ahead if we could prevent before with jockstraps instead of birth-control pills. After all, people were planning for \$250-600,000 a year for The Pill and spending nothing more trying to come up with an improved model, one that wouldn't, for example, cause blood clots in women predisposed to them.

"My God," I exclaimed, "or something equally appropriate." Why aren't we concentrating on this instead of mini-pills, "mating-after pills" and intravaginal devices (which are one malevolent shape after another)? From the vantage point looked like a pale competitor alongside the "best treatment." Well, Dr. Rock observed, there would, of course, have to be simple studies done before the best approach would yield a predictable, safe technique. So stood by his statements, but they were the observations of one man observing a limited number of subjects. Perhaps not everybody would be rendered equally infertile by keeping close and continuous company with a well-knit undergarment. It was not another interesting observation in a career already replete with interesting observations, Dr. Rock was due for a well-deserved retirement. Someone else would have to carry on.

My expectations that someone would do so with dispatch also had been tempered by Dr. Rock's further observation that the medical and scientific literature had attended for decades to the sperm-suppressing properties of heat. True, the studies had been few, isolated and more equivocal to the contraceptive point, but they were there, nonetheless. Additionally, he pointed out, one need only take a furtive glance at the male anatomy to arrive at this truth. The testicles were not dangling down there, exposed and vulnerable, for nothing, only by descending from the abdominal cavity into the more temperate zone of the scrotum could they stay at a climate conducive to the proliferation of sperm.

Why had no one taken advantage of this obvious "weakness"? The first forthright, possibly even accurate, answer came from the emerging biotechnology. "Male dwarfism?" one spokesperson told me. "All the

birth-control researchers are men, so naturally they're taking the attitude that contraception is the woman's responsibility. Food around with their own equipment? Not in your life!" As I spoke to various (male) researchers over the next few years, I did, in fact, find my questions about the possibility of a male contraceptive evoking some uneasiness. It wasn't chivalrous, I was assured; it was just that in the male reproductive system there were "far fewer points of attack" than in the female. So, the director of the Harvard Division of the nonprofit Population Council, told me, "Once the male deposits his sperm, he's back at chopping wood. But once the female has deposited her egg, she's just getting started. A man could take his wife's oral contraceptive and he'd be incapable of fertilizing her until four months later, but his libido would be shot to hell, too." Another researcher put it somewhat more ominously: "Start interfering with sperm production and before you know it you've put a penis in a slingshot talking about it."

Then, a few months ago, a friend told me that researchers at the University of Minnesota Medical School in Columbus had demonstrated, in laboratory animals, that heat from various sources could effectively stop spermatogenesis without affecting sexual desire or hormone levels. The technique was said to be reversible, with the result that treated animals could, when released, produce normal offspring. It was soon en route to Columbus where I found, heading the effort, Dr. Martha S. Fahn, a reproductive physiologist and chief of the Reproductive Biology Section of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. Dr. Fahn is a visible, friendly, U.S. citizen, a U.S. citizen, and one of his colleagues as "a brilliant idea man, if sometimes a bit hyper." Dr. Fahn bounds from one subject to another with alternating enthusiasm, frustration, anger and glee. He is clearly stilled by the reports with the heat, but he finds it difficult to refrain from talking about his other (presumably) wide-ranging projects, such as the possible use of vitamin C as an abortifacient, hyperoxycortin in young males and the uses of stressors in combating the herpes virus.

"Honestly, I believe it," he says, abruptly returning to the subject of the heat-treated animals. "I think we were right. Okay, times have changed, we have a new level of risk. In this country alone, two and a half million men have had vasectomies. But I have professional colleagues who haven't got the message straight. Fahn, what are you doing looking around with the member of man? You're going to get as all in trouble. These same guys think nothing of sticking anything in the female, you'd be amazed—even vasoposter!"

"Gasp!" I say.

"Yes I'll show you the study..."

"Um, that study is in progress," I answer him, adding that I'm fully conversant with this aspect of the double standard. On that show, I had discovered, a discussion of the vagina and ovaries seemed no more discomfort than a conversation about, say, the Holland Tunnel and the dangers of jetting. But mention the penis and testicles, and if you're not actually bleeding, everyone at least squirms.

Why was Dr. Fahn any different? "He's a genuine crusader," another colleague answered. "He doesn't just talk about the suffering animals. He's been there and seen it for himself. He really wants to help." In Dr. Fahn's own words, "If we're ever going to have any impact on male overpopulation, we've got to have a contraceptive that is neither surgical nor pharmacological, something even the poorest and most illiterate can make use of." The vasectomy, though simple as

sterilized operations go, still requires highly skilled hands and sterile working conditions; moreover, vasectomy is only rarely reversible, and, though there is no evidence as yet to suggest that this is true in men, some animal studies indicate that the operation may eventually result in disorientation of libido, suppressed hormone levels, increased body fat and other undesirable side effects.

Dr. Fahn, who over three years' study of vasectomy animals has been able to do something better, took that "further place." Dr. Rock suggested, reviewed the pertinent literature, took note of the usually observed effects of tight-fitting jockstraps and concluded that "heat was the only way to go," the approximate quality of some of his male volunteers notwithstanding. His male volunteers, he said, had to wear the heat of them in tow, he hastened off to a local laundromat to find out just how much heat a man can take. The answer was, up to 60 degrees C—a sizzling 140 degrees F—about 30 degrees F hotter than the normal "hot bath" temperature. Dr. Fahn was encouraged by reports. "From the other side of the coin," that human subjects regularly immersed in baths cold enough to be detrimental genital-degenerating stopped significantly increased sperm counts.

One previously infertile male was thus able to impregnate his wife.

Dr. Fahn and his associates, including the chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Dr. David Hall, a chemical engineer who is also the principal researcher's wife, Dr. Fahn's husband, the director of the Department of Laboratory Animal Medicine, Dr. Richard Boyle, and a bacterial immunologist, Dr. Raymond Dow, quickly set in motion an elaborate experimental study utilizing two hundred fifty male rats of the same heritage and weight. These were divided into five principal groups of fifty each. One group was castrated. The others were banded, fed and handled in precisely the same fashion as the experimental, except that their genitalia were not exposed to heat.

A Plexiglas restraining table with an adjustable heated cap through which 40 degrees C water circulates continuously was constructed for Group II rats, each of which was exposed to the hot water for fifteen minutes. Heat sensors called thermocouples, attached to the scrotum and inserted in the rectum, were linked in digital readout panels; these allowed the rats to maintain constantly and continuously maintain proper temperatures. A medallion sensor called a thermocouple was used to measure temperatures inside the testes, with five animals in each group being selected for this internal probing. In each of these animals, one testis was punctured by the thermocouple, the other left undisturbed for subsequent histological studies, which are those involving microscopic examination of tissue. (Because of the possible damage from the thermocouple, no attempt was made to breed these animals.)

The remaining forty-five animals in each category, however, were exposed to females in heat. Apart from what the microscope would tell them, the researchers wanted to see whether the heat-treated rats would exhibit normal libido and have intercourse with the females. Most important, they wanted to see whether the males would become pregnant. Each rat was placed in a cage with a single receptive female, but since rats usually mate at night, in darkness, some method had to be devised to determine what, if anything, transpired. Dr. Fahn put in easily transferable dye on the

underneath of his male rats, so that if they mounted the females some of the dye would be apparent on their backs. Additionally, he took vaginal smears to search for sperm.

The experimental protocol in each group called for exposure to females twenty-four hours after treatment, with an introduction of a new female every five days until pregnancy could be verified. A certain number of animals, at regular intervals, were sacrificed for histological studies of testes, seminal vesicles and prostate. Blood levels of the male hormone testosterone and non-ovary weight were continuously measured.

Group II results revealed that libido was unaltered, testosterone level and organ mass unaffected by the hot-water treatment. Histological examinations showed a significant reduction in sperm production. Most important, after a single treatment, it took thirty to thirty-five days for any pregnancies to occur. (Later, when rats were given two fifteen-minute exposures to the hot water, it took from fifty-eight to fifty days to get any pregnancies.)

The testes of Group III rats were exposed to the radiant energy of an infrared spot heater for fifteen minutes, again raising scrotal temperatures to 66 degrees C. The results were the same as those obtained in Group II, except that there were no pregnancies for sixty to seventy-five days.

The rats in Group IV were divided into four subgroups and exposed to microwaves of varying powers and for different periods of time. A technique used initially as a therapeutic heat source was utilized to deliver the microwaves to the rats, whose bodies, except for the testes, were completely shielded from the radiation. The distance of the radiation source from the testes was standardized at three inches in all subgroups. When twenty percent of the microwave machine's power was directed at the testes for one minute, the results were unsatisfactory; about seventy percent of the males in this subgroup impregnated their females at the first mating. A twenty percent exposure for five minutes, however, impaired fertility for twenty-five to thirty days, while those exposed to twenty percent for fifteen minutes were still infertile at the end of the ten-month study and were thus considered to be reversibly sterile. (Ten months in a rat is equal to several years in a human.) A one hundred percent exposure for five minutes yielded the same results, with no pregnancies during the ten months. Again, however, there was no loss of libido nor lowering of testosterone levels.

Group V rats were exposed to ultrasound, again using as a source a unit that is employed in physical heat therapy to treat sore muscles and the like. Unlike infrared radiation and microwaves, ultrasound is not an electromagnetic energy. It is a mechanical radiant energy, an acoustical vibration beyond the range of normal human hearing, transmitted by pressure waves through air or other media. Electromagnetic energy is used to induce the acoustical vibration in a diaphragm attached to the spheroidal head of the ultrasonic transducer. The vibrations propagate the ultrasonic waves into the air. In solid applications, the transducer head must be coupled to the target tissue or one gets what technicians call "reflection at the skin interface."

The ultrasonic waves, favoring the line of least resistance, bounce off the skin rather than penetrate it. Coupled with ultrasound is the Fabry's experiment by placing both the ultrasonic diaphragm and the testis in water, with the transducer head resembling a cup.

In medicine, ultrasonic energy is measured in watts per square centimeter (w/cm) of approximated head. Group V rats were divided into two subgroups. The first was exposed to 1 w/cm for one minute, and despite the fact that during this period histological temperature rose to only 38 degrees C, fertility was impaired for one hundred fifty to two hundred ten days. When the ultrasonic dose was doubled to 2 w/cm there were still no pregnancies at the end of the ten-month study. Organ weights, libido and hormones were unaffected.

In all cases where fertility was restored, resulting offspring appeared normal and were themselves capable of reproducing normal-appearing offspring. Genetic studies, though still preliminary, have revealed no mutations or other anomalies.

In an analysis of the results, Dr. Fabry concluded that ultrasound is the most promising heat source. Infrared caused some skin drying and burning, while the microwaves require elaborate shielding to protect against blinding and other serious damage. The use of microwaves would require techniques at least as tricky as those who operate X-ray machines, clearly out of the question in developing countries. Reproduction with hot water and ultrasound is continuing with mice, rats, dogs and monkeys. These new studies are far from complete, but the data accumulated from them so far indicate that the techniques are superior exactly with these species. When sufficient animal data have been gathered, provided they continue to reveal nothing obvious, experimentation with human volunteers will commence. More than one hundred young men have already opted for their services, though each subject will have to undergo intensive psychiatric screening before being accepted. The first human subjects may be patients scheduled for surgical removal of cancerous prostates, an operation which usually also removes the testicles as an adjunct procedure.

Meanwhile, Dr. Fabry and associates are trying to account for the variations in effectiveness among the different heat approaches. The histological studies show that hot water, infrared, microwaves and ultrasound all arrest the functioning of the germinal epithelium (the cells that produce the sperm within the seminiferous tubules of the testes). At the proper intensities, these heat sources do not penetrate the cells in the testes that produce male hormones; hence, though there is a suppression of spermatogenesis, there is no attendant loss of libido. And because there is no blood supply directly inside the seminiferous tubules where the heat has its effect, there is no hemorrhaging, a fact that is critically important, for if sperm escape into the bloodstream, sperm antibodies may form, and these have tentatively been implicated in a number of serious disease processes.

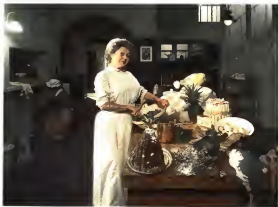
The studies so far indicate that ultrasound works much more quickly, at lower temperatures, than do the alternatives. The reason for this, Dr. Fabry hypothesizes, is that, in addition to the effect that results when the ultrasonic waves are absorbed in the tissue and converted from sound energy to heat, the mechanical effects of these sound themselves may impair the cells. In exchange, a complex interplay of the components in certain chemicals, so that a chemical environment unfavorable to sperm production results. Extensive studies on this possibility are now in progress.

The Columbia researchers are clearly planning most of their hopes on ultrasound. Unlike the other alternatives, it causes little or no damage to the body. The work at which we are now ultrasound," Dr. Fabry says, "are one hundredth of the level at (Continued on page 134)

MRS. BRIDGES SURPASSES HERSELF

by Roy Andries de Groot

From *Upstairs, Downstairs* directly to you: a gala Edwardian Christmas feast



If a pill could be taken of the entire world to determine who was the best-known cook of all time, the result just might be a take-up between Beatrix and Mrs. Bridges. Both is the dame to which television fantasy can now seriously challenge for reality. To more than an estimated one hundred million viewers in dozens of countries around the globe who watch the show every week, Mrs. Bridges—the fictional cook who prepares the luxurious food for the wealthy Belknap family in the kitchen of their Katze Plaza house in Edwardian London—is the phenomenally colorful super-sop-opera TV series, *Upstairs, Downstairs*—an exceptionally real.

There is solid evidence that *Upstairs, Downstairs*—

at least in terms of the involvement and loyalty of its viewers—is the most successful TV serial of all time. Each episode is filmed in a London studio and first shown on Britain's commercial ITV network to an estimated twenty million viewers, competing against the football match of the week on the noncommercial BBC network. Asked about the relative ratings of the two features, a BBC official said: "We have to admit that our football has been demolished by *Upstairs, Downstairs*." Is the U.S. *Upstairs, Downstairs* gone out every Sunday night on the PBS system, noncommercial network of the PBS. Its major competitors in the NBC *Sunday Mystery Movie* and *Article continues on page 108, photographs of the dinner days continue.*



This Edinburgh feast, which outshines even that famous one prepared on television by Mrs. Bridges for King Edward VII, begins, as before, with two oysters dressed with mignonette and fresh cream drizzled with lemon juice and served with chilled Dom Perignon. Champagne from Valt et Chaudron. Two soups follow, a fishlike straggles (potage garnished with tiny fish balls in sauce) and a thin wild mushroom bouillabaisse with a parsley garnish (in bowl), both taken with a cold Noelle Berneseletti Doctor and Graham Sauter, and a milk or thin Alsatian, the next courses with a sautéed trout poached in Chablis surrounded by shrimp, carrots, omelette of chicken, Julia Roberts and lessons of fishy pastries. The Chablis accompanies the duck. Next, upper right and on plate, a portridge pie. A claret, Chateau Margaux, is drunk with this course. The bottle was cropped from the picture but can be seen overlaid



After the church, where crates, a quick shift in icy glass of Taittinger, Blanc de Blancs, Cordon de Champagne, and a refreshing hot sherry, about eight. Then the large, heavy, silver, which, when covered, yields sustenance of most bird rare commonly associated with the festive mood. Vegetables, artichoke hearts and in art with beans, carrots, eggplants and truffles, pulled tomatoes, and potatoes Anna (in silver basket, top). Two red Burgundies, Clos de la Roche and Cuvée Prestige accompany. In center is a salad of sliced beets, celery, truffles and walnut halves. At right, the cheese. Stuffed fat hen and on plate, the yellow chicken and the white Wenteys, are served with a glass of port. Plum pudding, like with its sauce in silver bowl, and chocolate cake with asparagus follows. The savory of roasts wrapped in bacon is before the pudding. Finally, fruit and nuts accompany Madras and sherry, coffee and a cigar.



ESTUINE JANUARY 1997

That Old Black McMagic

by Dan Greenburg

By the pricking of my thimbles, something goofy this way comes

This is about black magic. It is also about how, without intending to, folks like me get caught up in a thing that becomes more and more entangling till one day they find they are into it up to their eyeballs and it is no longer easy to become disentangled.

I see in a tiny town in the Highlands of Scotland called Bunnahochish, Bunnahochish is on the shore of Loch Ness, and how I happen to be there is that I am hanging out with a team of Japanese who claim to be hunting the Loch Ness Monster but who seem far more interested in holding press conferences than hunting monsters.

It is at one of these press conferences that I meet a long-haired, bearded, twenty-year-old American student named Lee Frank. Lee has been finding underwater cameras and some equipment in Loch Ness for a group of scientists from the United States, which seems somewhat more serious about monster hunting than the Japanese. Lee and I hit it off right away, and he remarks to me in a kind of offhand way that from what he's seen up here in the past few months Loch Ness is a very weird place, and there are far more sinister things going on than the Loch Ness Monster. Like what, I say. Oh, various sorts of things, he says. Like what, I say. Oh, like corpse lights, he says. Oh, what are corpse lights, I say. Well, he says, when people die up here a luminous shape is often seen leaving the body at the moment of death, and the shape proceeds directly to the site of burial. Monks. What else besides corpse lights, I say. Well, says Lee, there is a breeze in this area where the ghost of a small blond girl appears and pleads for help with any female guest who happens to be sleeping in the lad's former bed-

room. And he leaves of another house in the area where the ghost of a well-dressed gentleman appears in his former bedroom, the room where the gentleman committed suicide a few years ago. The very best! I am staying in, says Lee, so said to have a ghost in the old wing which is frequently heard walking right up the walls.

A local family Lee knows is visited periodically by a mysterious black smoke-colored ball which bounces noisily into the living room, bounces around on the floor and on the mantelpiece, then disappears. The ball has never been ruled or rusty, as the family has gotten to their usual about the appearance. One night a guest was with them when the ball bounced in and went into its orbit. The guest regarded the ball thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "Ah, I see you have one of these too."

As a matter of fact, says Lee, the neighborhood is so filled with corpse lights, phantom soccer balls and ghosts of one thing and another that in June of 1973 a writer named F. W. Holliday bought the chief executor of the Church of England up here to expose the loch of its evil influences. Immediately following the exorcism, Holliday took the exorcist, the Rev. Mr. Owens, to the home of a local couple named Cary for a little post-exorcism chitchat. As they sat beaming with Wenzel Commander and Mrs. Cary, a swirling black cloud appeared just outside the Carys' living-room window, locking up the room. These exorcisms rocked the house and a beam of intense white light went from the swirling black cloud to the forehead of F. W. Holliday and then vanished.

The Rev. Mr. Owens allowed as how the exorcism didn't probably seem so successful after all and said



that they were probably in grave danger. He warned them not to leave the house till morning and suggested a kind of first-aid ritual to get them through the night that involved stepping a crucifix on their foreheads and sticking their thumbs in a glass of water. The next day Owens and Holliday lightened it out of the Highlands, never to return. The swirling black cloud, says Lee, is known as a black bogie and is not an uncommon phenomenon hereabouts.

Lee says if I have ever heard of Aleister Crowley I have, sort of. Crowley was a bar black magician some years back and he referred to himself as The Beast. Lee says that Crowley owned a house on Loch Ness called Bolekine, which is now owned by a member of the Las Vegas family. Lee has heard rumors that a black magician is currently living there and figures it might be a good place to begin our investigation of the occult. We could take a trip up to Bolekine tomorrow, he says, assuming I'm not afraid. I say tomorrow is fine, and I'm not afraid. Well, not that much, anyway.

"Concerning up Akra-Mala disease is a terrible illness. Crowley successfully raised them—The lodge and the temple," he said, "has become pooled with bloody slugs"—but he was unable to control them. [They] entered the house [Bolekine] and wrought havoc! All mankind, hitherto a fertilizer, fell into delirious tremors; a catastrophe when he had brought from London returned there and become a prostitute, his headkeeper, "unable to bear the current of the place" returned; a madman settled upon one of the windows equipped on the inside and he tried to kill the Lord of Bolekine. Even the butcher down on the village was affected through Crowley's casually jogg-

down on one of his bills the names of two demons. . . . While cooking up a joint for a customer, the butcher accidentally severed his federal artery and promptly died." —From *The Great Beast*, by John Spinks

Rumor neither Lee nor I has a car at this point, so we manage to hire a British reporter named Sydney Burton into driving us around the far side of the loch to Bolekine. Sydney Burton is a short, gray-haired chap with a jaunty manner and a good military mountaineer. He is at Loch Ness covering the Japanese monster hunt for the *Yokohama Post*. It is a bar mistake to take Sydney to Bolekine, but we do not know that at the time.

The drive to Bolekine is quite picturesque, and by and by we pull up before the massive gate to Bolekine's private road. We open it and proceed up a steep hill to a low one-story stone-like house in poor repair. Over the entrance to the house, I note, the skull of a goat has been nailed. Lee readily points out that this is the symbol of the devil.

The house appears to be abandoned and devoid of life. I make this observation aloud, along with the suggestion that we might as well leave, when a bearded man and a large German shepherd materialize in back of us. Sydney and Lee take a speedy note and elect me our spokesman.

I take a tentative half step in the direction of man and dog and, smiling faintly, say these gentlemen and myself have heard a lot about Bolekine and we are very sorry to be trespassing as private property and all but we sure hope we can look around a bit if it isn't going to be a terrible inconvenience. Man and dog nod solemnly and neither one seems on the verge

How To Marry a Rockefeller

by Samuel L. Blumenfeld

- 1) Find out which ones are available;
- 2) pretend you're not interested in their money;
- 3) get down on your knees and pray, grovel and beg

From *The New York Times*, May 6, 1974: "Mrs. Mary Rockefeller Stronach, younger daughter of Nelson A. Rockefeller and Mrs. Mary Clark Rockefeller, was married here yesterday afternoon to Thomas H. Morgan, press secretary to former Mayor John V. Lindsay from 1969 to 1973. The private family ceremony at the bride's apartment was performed by the Rev. David W. Jewell. . . . The bride wore a dark brown suit with a white silk and satin lace blouse for the informal ceremony."

The bride and the groom had children by previous marriages, both of which ended in divorce. The groom had also, in an earlier period of his life, been a freelance writer, which is almost as much as to say that if Thomas H. Morgan ever marries a Rockefeller, so too you.

If you want to, of course. There are a few minor disadvantages, which will become apparent, but as pure ambition there is something quite laudable about wanting to marry a Rockefeller. It shows that you want to better yourself, that you aspire to the ranks of the winners. After all, the Rockefellers are one of the richest families on earth, with an estimated wealth of about four billion dollars under their control, and all you have to do is be invited to your fair share as one of them. John D. Rockefeller, who started it all in the late 1800's by generating one of the greatest single fortunes in history through the creation and expansion of the Standard Oil company, did his money donations a few minutes a service by making them all well-deserved at birth. The result is that every direct descendant of John D. Rockefeller enters a world so beautiful and secure as the one he just came out of.

But the infant, especially if it is a male, inherits more at birth than just a trust fund and a lifetime pass to the fabulous family estate at Pocantico Hills. He inherits, to some degree, the Rockefeller manner psychology, which, in its transfer from generation to generation, along with mother's milk and grandpa's oil, may be an even greater prize. That psychology has been especially evident in third-generation Rockefellers—the five sons of John D. Rockefeller Jr. Its transfer to the fourth generation, however, has not been as successful. The psychology has been diluted in transit, and the fourth-generation members have been given the freedom to do with it what they will. The money, however, is still kept under tight supervision, and its transfer is controlled with great care. The Rockefellers seem to know that they are not particularly brilliant or imaginative, just lucky, and that without their inherited wealth they'd be like everyone else.

Triplex penthouses on Fifth Avenue, ranches on Van-

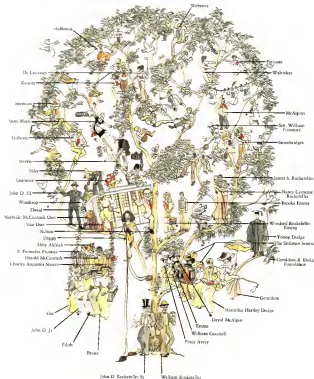
ensland mountaintops, plantations on Caribbean islands, private planes, yachts: for most people that's quite enough. To clip coupons, see the world in style, live in a New York town house or its equivalent elsewhere, and have full control every night, if you can stand it; what more is there? He advised that that kind of thinking is very un-Rockefeller—at least for the third generation. For them, there has never been enough, and that is why they have all continued to make more, and more, and more. Making money literally keeps them out of trouble.

Not many in the fourth generation, however, seem to have this disposition for making money. Most of them appear to be quite content with the amount they already have and are more interested in cultural pursuits. Their activities bring them into contact with a wide range of people, which means that you might occasionally arrange to meet one.

At this point it will be useful to our purpose to note that the famous Rockefeller brothers are the descendants of John D. Rockefeller through his only son. But the oil billionaire also had three daughters, all of whom married and had children of their own. The three daughters produced some third-generation Rockefellers, some of them quite alive. It is no sure business tracking down their children, of whom there appear to be about twenty—four of them were brought into the clan via adoption. But an intelligent Rockefeller watcher can tell who's who after becoming familiar with the names associated with the various marriages.

Then there are also the descendants of William Rockefeller, John D.'s brother and partner in Standard Oil. They are not considered as rich as their distant cousins, although there is no way of knowing for sure. Certainly, they do not control anything as big and powerful as the Rockefeller Foundations. Still, there are the trust funds created by the estimated \$300,000,000 legacy left by William Rockefeller in 1903 to perpetuate his property among his children and their descendants. Also, it's vital to know that William's two sons, William Goodell and Percy Avery, both married daughters of James Stillman, head of the National City Bank of New York, which for years has vied for first place with David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan. When James Stillman died in 1888 he left an estate in trust for his descendants valued in a 1941 accounting at \$47,000,000. Then, the present descendants of the Rockefeller-Stillman alliance are all recipients of trust funds from both sides of the family. (Senator William F. Pauncefoot married one of these Rockefellers in 1948.)

To avoid literal confusion, I have found it useful to designate the descendants of John D. Rockefeller as the A Rockefellers and the descendants of his brother Wil-





SOJOURN IN THE SUN

For your winter escape from the shack to the beach, Egyptian recommends resort wear with a very sporty, dressed-down look. Here, tailored clothes achieve the casually correct air with comfortable, unconstructed styling and sportswear detailing. Trousers are culottes to complete the look. At left, the gentleman strolling the grounds of the Bermuda National Gardens wears a row-entail sport jacket with side buckles (\$85) and row-entail trousers (\$35) by Don Robble Inc. The martin-wood overcoat (\$369) is by Jager, and the end-on-end-wool cotton shirt (\$38) is by Creighton. At top right, the polo-wear look: blazer with patch pockets (\$90) is by Johnny Carson Apparel, the lightweight trousers (\$59) by Hart Schaffner & Marx, and the diagonally-striped cotton-wool overcoat (\$27) by Peter Burton's Closet. At bottom right, Tama Hall's sage green leisure suit (\$439) features bag jacket pockets and trousers waist tabs. The acrylic overcoat (\$43) is by Finnbyrn. Shoes in both are by Robby. Glasses from A. R. Trapp.





On the quiet lawn at Bermuda's Castle Harbour Hotel, these two vacationers display casual attire to look delectable but must deny daytime activity. At left, the chap protectively shielding his ball between white slacks by Intercoast wears an Arrow brand-tooth-crest, V-neck, wool-blend sweater (\$17), an Arrow end-on-end-woven shirt (\$9) and Dunlee gabardine trousers (\$48). The idylliced fellow at right favors a cooling drink and a two-piece outfit by Nino Ceroni for Glenaville. The plaid shirt-style jacket (\$120) is of sage and cream raw silk. The cream sweaters (\$26) are cotton. His light-weight wool sweater (\$15) is by Robert Brown, and the espadrilles (\$13) are from Harbor Imports. (Okay, Okay. So the wickets are wrong. But the lookbooks are absolutely right.)



Touting casual Bernina cloth for a motorcycle by Honda and sportswear of terry cloth. The cool, comfortable and sweat-absorbing fabric is far and away the favorite for this season's action apparel. On this page, I give you Karl Lagerfeld turns out a semi-suit-style cotton-terry-cloth outfit with a crew-neck top (\$15) and slacks with a drawstring-pullover waist (\$20). It's also great to wear for drinks after the beach or tennis. On the opposite page, the terry-cloth treatment is by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Again, it's a crew-neck, cotton top (\$24) and a drawstring pant in the shorts (\$15). The socks are by Burlington, the sneakers are Pro-Keds (about \$20) and the sporty sunglasses are Ray-Ban.





These clothes for the carriage trade all have the look of easy elegance. Far right, it's achieved at non-carriage-trade prices in the casual suits by Larry Kase for Brother Wenz, a brown-wool cotton-linen crew-neck sweater (\$225), cream cotton shirt (\$272.50) and pleated cream gabardine trousers (\$335). The double belt (\$310) is by Torian. That Hunting World island-ivy watch with elephant-hide band, however, costs \$375. In the inset at top left is a beautifully coordinated cream suit and matching shirt of lightweight wool gabardine. The three-piece suit by Hackett is about \$395. At bottom left is an Hackett-silk shirt suit cut with distinction by Lebow (\$230).



to be explained? Why were you here so long? What could you have possibly found in this old shack with a girl like this?" As I waited for answers, for Christ's sake! What on earth could have happened in that man's life to make him do a ridiculous thing like that? I asked the other woman what I was thinking? We could stay on the island all winter. The hell with businessmen! Are you afraid of businessmen? Will you stay with me, Violet? Will you stay with me while I endure my everlasting penance? What are you thinking? Tell me the exact face of your thoughts, everything, because nothing is secret.

I was thinking of you, Annette, wondering if you were living in the dark, miserable hell. I did not think so. When the three were decided upon, they already knew that, what further dangers are there to imagine? I was also thinking of penance, and repentance. I was thinking of you, and Violet. I would want if I visited Nancy on the mainland if we stayed for the winter in Derwent. And whether I should even visit such a place is the first matter of moral life. And I was thinking about that night of my father's. Everybody was dancing, people of all ages, my father with the crowd, who later became his wife—all these young brides—everybody was dancing except the famous scientist who had come to work at our college's spring symposium. ("What Are Our Next Frontiers?") Earlier that evening, he and a famous biologist had agreed outside that a new dawn was on its way, and our next evolutionary assignment would be to survey information around the universe. ("All the old sciences will be smashed off like dirt under the wheel," he had exclaimed excitedly, "all these personal, selfish concerns we believe have to be the stuff of myth.") He kept saying the progression from his forehead, nervous and excited, he looked like an ill man inspired by a vision of perfect form. ("That will you stop writing yourself down as a student in the sciences," I would hear . . . yet . . . I would hope to have the courage and intelligence to do just that.") The crowd roared excitedly, but more harsh. "I mean, if I could not get a clear response, if I couldn't hear my assignment, you, I would seriously stop writing now."

Then Karl looked at me. "Each of us probably won't be around long enough to greet the new world. I can include myself in the flames of the old one as well."

Then he was watching the dancers and I was watching him. He gripped his drink in his gloved hand, his head slightly tilted, eyes staring up from beneath bushy eyebrows. I believed I could see him rapidly picking up, sometimes putting down in the same instant, my spiritual questions. Then his gaze came to rest on me, and I asked him if he would like to dance. "I have a piece of metal in my leg," he said, "but please stay and talk to me. I am lucky to be alive." Tomorrow his dance floor had to mean, he should over the music. "A very anonymous French girl saved my life—just about your age."

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"What with you couldn't abandon the old world just yet." I said to him later that night. I was then because to dis-
 "What are you thinking?" this man asked me, my husband was, a world that growing intense but not yet dead. Oh no, not quite. For weren't we as a family existing on an island that was over alone?

"Perhaps we'll see a shipwreck if we stay the winter. There are more these days, but not entirely unexpected," I replied.

Now he is silent, dreaming toward the mysteries of all those people who keep him there, a perfect man, someone who keeps him here with me. You, in an infinite number of forms, but more older than nature, and that little boy who had no money, streetwise and kind, and maybe even the father and Nancy Jane. I wonder what this man will make of them? Perhaps one night, in spite of himself, he'll experience with a better form of me, and then I will join you. We will meet at last. That is a chance I made up my mind I would take. Do you think, for yourself, it's been worth it?

I am here for the time being near the dark end of my sadness, helplessly thinking of so many things I've learned in this wretched chamber. Nancy deep in white cap and with her jacket, a silent other things, all in the space of a single word. I could no more transfer it to paper than I could have told him everything I was thinking. I do not understand him. I do not understand myself. If they prove, like the sentimental demands of the eye, to be satisfied, however, is it that you, Annette, drowned in the same archive as in whose dream I furiously re-
 Affectionately,
 Violet

Mrs. Karl Rudenberg
 Box 50
 Derwent, N.C. 27835 Jan 25

Dear Violet,
 Some there is a desire in your island, he should be able to prove Karl's pills when needed from now on.
 I am afraid I cannot tell you in your extensive flames concerning other answers. The future I leave to those who must live in it; the past, insofar as it involves my own life, is my own affair. It is very much that you and I have seen. I am sure, time is more than just a word for me.
 Nor can I encourage you in your hopes for a meeting. Outside your imagination, I have nothing to offer each other. I prefer to dream.
 Warmly,
 Annette Rudenberg

For Mrs. Rudenberg, if you like, but not a defeated general, not a shipwrecked or drowned swimmer, and certainly not a potential cancerous companion. W

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Wiggins' customary Midwestern de-
serted him when he spoke about this
case, and during the following months
the things that would bring him closest
to moral indignation was the revelation
that his colleagues might be selling
for Ford's side rather than for
consent's. It was a sense of disappoint-
ment, really, that aches were not being
up to the demands of when he was
was a noncommittally loyal issue. He had
been disappointed the previous fall,
when Peter Kallio had voted in favor
of Gerald Ford in committee and then
opposed him in the House, a gesture
toward his black constituents in New-
ark. He was disappointed in the spring
when, at a television appearance with
his old friend Jerry Waldie, he heard
Waldie say that impeachment might be
a last resort for his campaign for the
governorship in California. He was dis-
appointed when the Democrats insisted
on sending many letters to the Presi-
dent when he ignored their responses.
"What good will it do?" he asked. "The
question they're sending it is to say, in ef-
fect, 'Come to you, buddy.'" He was
disappointed when the majority wanted
about the tapes they couldn't get. "For
a committee of lawyers to say that
these tapes are the only way to find out
about the events is not very convincing.
All the witnesses to these conversations
are alive, we can get testimony from
them, we don't have to sit here reading
and thinking." He was disappointed
to think that others might not be
studying the evidence as carefully as
he, or that they might be paying undue
attention to the facts he had seen.

Wiggins' distance from symbolic ges-
tures and his unwillingness to make
them himself seemed for the way he
would deal with a crisis during
the weeks of closed committee meetings,
from May to early July. The survey of
the committee meetings fostered
assembly shakedown reporting, especially
on TV. Correspondents would probe the
committee as they came out of the
committee room and let them devote
a full fifteen or twenty seconds to de-
scribing what had gone on inside. If
the networks could find one representative
who would say truthfully and con-
fidently through each day, "Gee, we really
didn't know." "Today's evidence totally
exonerated the President"—they'd
never need for before was satisfied.
Some Wiggins could always be counted
on to say that no one had laid a glove
on the President, he became a staple of
the weekly news broadcasts. He was
good at making his side of the case.
One day in June, another Republican,
David Bonior of Indiana, brushed off a
inquirer who asked as "informal."
pointing over to Wiggins, he said, "I
never worry when I think it up there." But
Wiggins sometimes seemed to be
scribbling his own conclusions for the
good of the cause. He had made him-
self into a walking encyclopedia of de-
tails and dates; he was most effective
at the half-hour roundtable of reporters
about, say, scenes of the R.I.C. But on
twenty occasions he could not make his
speeches longer than fifteen minutes
at that time was short his con-
-

Chevrolet announces a very new small car. The Monza 2+2



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including a catalytic con-
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small car. See it at your
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show up front—"There's been an evidence implicating the President"—and consequently he would discuss, discuss, discuss, and then finally the president would state what he wanted to say and then the "evidence" would be taken away from the "evidence" quote, Brown's character to John Ninkovich to "steal" it. Brown said, "I was not an elaborate theory worked out to prove that the real meaning of the quote was the opposite of what it seemed. Now, they think they are going to get it done!! I cover up, etc., no matter what the others might do. The long explanation of this view did not really convince on a logical defense, but the senseless-sounding of it seemed to depend on its form. A man of more sensitivity to appearance might have started, and then, after a while, that would make him look like a fool. But Wiggins played right on it: he was as his duty to educate the public, to educate the other lawyers on the committee to act like lawyers. Because of the way Wiggins carried out his duty, by the time William Higgins of Milwaukee made his statement at the editorial hearings—there are some doubts on the committee, Higgins said, who wouldn't want to draw any of us into a situation where we would be the ones, because "it might be a matter with a glacial pace"—there was not much doubt about who he meant.

Back in the congressman's office, everyone seemed aware of the growing impression about Wiggins himself. He administered justice, but he had, a jovial Irish-Canadian type in his mid-thirties who had been a Chamber of Commerce manager in St. Louis when Wiggins was a young man, delighted to see the boss turning up on the Today show, James and Anderson, the circus of time. But as the congressional letters piled up, the man who would advise the country, Rowland wondered if Wiggins might not lose things down a little. The legislative assistant, John Minkovich, a young lawyer from California, knew that in private Wiggins showed far more flexibility than he did in front of the TV camera. For example, once Wiggins was saying publicly that the "take care" clause of the Constitution was not a proper ground for impeachment, he was alone Minkovich came in at the youngest possible case in favor of using the "take care" clause. He poured over Minkovich's draft, covering the matter with handwritten questions: "Wiggins?" "Is it a duty to 'take care' or is it 'difficultly enforce'?" and sending it back for another revision.

Minkovich and Brown said Wiggins was exhibiting utterly to commensurate any of his private decency at the whole tone of things in the White House. His high level of moral consciousness remained intact, but as a way of strictest personal propriety he could not keep his feet out of the tiger and he was by everyone's law. The day the eight-member legal team was revealed he had held his head in his hands and said, "I guess I'll have to go down to the White House and back

too." But he did not bother to say any of these things when the TV camera was rolling, because "thoughtful people will recognize the difference between candid and conduct and concluding that a man should not be put in jail for it." One of the brightest days in Wiggins' memory was when he finally found a nice balance of explaining his behavior.

"I don't believe we can have a general feeling of nervous lack of security and see that as the basis for impeachment. Impeachment must be based on other grounds, at least in the Judiciary Committee, because it is a judicial process. We must initially establish, by viewing only the law and the evidence, that the President could be impeached. After we have established his candidacy for impeachment, then we come to the second stage, a consideration of whether he should be impeached. At that stage, all manner of things could be brought in—his total record as a President, his moral record, all the elements that lead to a political judgment. But these elements must be kept out of the first stage."

"Will the committee keep them out?" he was asked.

"I don't hope so. That's my job, and if we fail in that, we have failed in our duty to the House, our duty to the country, and—here he paused for emphasis—"see duty as lawyers."

During the first week of June, as John Dean's prosecution ground forward, Wiggins met him in California. It was the last trip he would make before the final vote, and he made it more because of the primary election on June 5 than because he wanted to take the voters' pulse. The chief opponent was one Thurston A. Shaw, a congressman attempting to lead a charge from the conservative right flank of the party concerned. SHAWMAN and SHAWMAN, SHAWMAN—THE COURT in 1968, one of his more concerned legislative years, summed up his wish. Shaw was perhaps the only legislator less sensitive to the concerns of public relations than Wiggins himself. One of his campaign films featured the candidate in the company of two smiling businessmen from Japan—this at a time when the yellow press was much as people's minds in Orange County because Japanese automakers had taken over a popular country club.

The trip Hamilton, by omission, left much the voters were about the "take care" clause. It was the kind of trip where Wiggins spent half an hour before an audience of Sears, Roebuck employees who were quizzing about the "take care" clause. "Proposition 13" in California's ballot that year, while leaving the room after a vigorous performance on Proposition 13, where he had defeated representative John Focht, "What the hell is Proposition 13, anyway?" It was the kind of trip where Wiggins was about twenty miles outside San Francisco, as he had heard about with a clear comprehension of the amount of a new traffic-light control box at a junction intersection in Anaheim.

"Congressman, this is the most advanced system of traffic control in the country." "I believe you, because if it wasn't, the whole world would come to a stop right here." Suddenly Mrs. Wiggins began to argue and pointed at her husband's neck. He lifted up his pants, found out they were not his pants, and then the laughter had a useful reason to escape from the traffic engineers.

They asked him about campaign finance at home, and they asked him quite a bit about inflation. Impeachment was not on their minds.

"My mission is this," Wiggins said a few days before the committee voted on the air, "to bring the facts to my colleagues. I am confident that if this matter is judged on the law and the evidence, we will not vote a bill of impeachment." Thus did Wiggins begin his last Hamilton effort to hold off impeachment, undertaken with as few as a sense of right as anyone in the other side could possibly muster.

In his view on most issues, Wiggins is tolerant of those who disagree. In California, for example, he would go to talk on conservative economic policies by saying, "Of course, my outlook has been colored by my own experience and my constituency, and someone who represents a heavily urbanized district or a ghetto might feel differently."

That was politics, the law was something else again. As Wiggins saw it, the law was an absolute standard that left no doubt about the resolution of this case. If his fellow politicians tried their duty, they too would recognize that the law's demand for proof had not been met. His mission in life, then, was to take his people, his law and evidence, and practice some serious law. Wiggins, with his experience and sense of detail, would use evidence to show them the loopholes which kept the proof from being decisive. Law was for those concerned about the law, not for those concerned about the law's defense—about of power and the like.

"The whole thing is an ordeal," Wiggins said about these changes. "I truly believe that the average citizen of the Administration of Richard Nixon has not been significantly different from other Administrations, especially in these so-called political affairs. No one can convince me that corporations and labor unions have not contributed to corruption before. You take Herb Goldstein, a kind of a decent man, and put him in prison for the sake of superintendence. I find it unacceptable that, when the major donors of the post-war era were any rate to our nation's darkness, there wasn't some sense there. It just strikes me as so damned unfair to single out this President and throw him out of office. I don't think the Democrats have that's true. These damn tapes have been the genesis of it all. They told the Administration here in 1970 that they were going to be destroyed and destroyed. If Congress decides it doesn't like this kind of conduct, then it should pass laws to prevent it, and not pass a bill of impeachment. Congress"



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slurring various of morality shouldn't be the definition of an impeachable offense."

As he stood by his gavel, he was like a man, praying for his young girls or they meet away from their lives, some of them to stay in the most of temptation. Like the man, he was less than persuasive because the temptations he faced were evidently as much as the people, he would have shaped out a thing. His speeches that he would make the same defense of any President, even a President Kennedy, were a mixture of the real, but not real. At one point, a test book publisher later in June, Wiggins said he was prepared to resign his seat, if it came to that, as he could help out the defense before the Senate. Of course, it never came to that.

As he prepared his strategy for the 1984 election, the committee Wiggins looked down the list of members in search of those with the fortitude to "defend their manhood."—that is, to vote against impeachment. "Among the Democrats, I figure you have four people, at most, where there's a possibility of persuasion," he said. "I don't know before the vote. 'Banshaw, Flowers, Thorsness, and Hanes. But the rest, there is no possibility. On the minority side, there's Thorsness, Hanes, and a few others, and so does McGarry Smith is in there, so he should be free of pressure. Flowers—I would assume he's comfortable with the decision, but it could be suffered defeat by a considerable margin when he ran for the governorship last year. Backlash is concerned, I believe, in connection with the Democratic vote in his district. He has a line, where he gets a lot of labor support. But of course that doesn't mean they wouldn't drop him as a candidate if he had a better candidate to run against him. Dave Dwyer is an independent in his district, but he's not official in many things he does. If they have him run some tight races but he's a good solid citizen. Larry Hogan runs the power line in Maryland, and that would have an impact. I'm sure Caldwell Butler is a very hard man. There's even Lou from Mississippi. He's a very hard man. He's right now, it's going to vote against impeachment. He and Latta are as hard as all you can get. Cohen, he's a hard guy, but I've never seen him with his feet in the fire. I've never seen him pay a penalty for doing what he thought was the proper thing to do. I haven't seen him under that kind of pressure. I left out—Frost, Marantz, Moorhead, I just don't know much about them."

Wiggins had a "differential pressure" of his own as he attempts to persuade. Those who were already lost, he would not waste his time. On TV appearances he decried John Doe Edwards, Charles Keating, Jeffrey Skilling, and others for committing one

of the two grave offenses, the "swearing prosecution" and the "politically motivated witness." To those who were still on the fence, he played confident and casual, trying to determine what disturbed them most and then demonstrated why whatever it was was not a good enough reason to vote for impeachment. Backlash was his greatest effort and his greatest failure. He tried again and again to counter Backlash's numbers about the ERG; when Backlash said we just can't have the President changing the ERG, Wiggins said he agreed, but we can't approach a President on the security evidence available. He finally told Backlash at that point, as he lost Backlash on the charge of obstruction of justice. He told David Deane of Indiana, who was the closest thing Wiggins had to a working partner during the debate, and he told Carol Woodhead, a freshman from California who, in the words of another Republican on the committee, "forwarded him to what Chuck was saying and then did his best to get it out in his own words." Wiggins counted Republicans who were not on the committee, such as Philip Crane of Illinois, and he addressed the author of congressional staff men that, up to this point, Wiggins had no idea of his way to focus his people of law and evidence upon avoiding conviction. Where he detected the seeds of possible doubt, when he saw a religious fundamentalist in a way to explain the "stewardship" quote and the tape gaps, he borrowed it, going through his portfolio of names and dates to prove that Stone was in the clear. But when he saw Republicans whom political opponents had lured from the high road, he realized that his efforts were not wasted and would be wasted. One of the harshest moments of such realization came the day before the open hearing began, when Larry Hogan announced that he would vote for impeachment. Wiggins refused, underhandedly, to comment to the press that day, but so he read Hogan's statement on page fourteen were working hard. It was the sort of posture he demonstrated, later, one of his assistants later told him, "If you had another strong man."

On the morning of July 30, Wiggins prepared his brief for the first big test, the TV debate. He called the first and John Mercer told him to tell about what his opinion statement should contain.

"The anti-Strong remarks you made, the better," Mercer said. "Just like Hogan made as many pro-Strong remarks as he could, so that when he under attack, he would have had more impact." "Yeah, you've got to shake the President's watchdog-and-defender staff," Wiggins interrupted to say. "I haven't seen any evidence to say that it should be impeached about the President himself."

"Okay, you can say you're damaged by the staff," Fowler said. "You've got

to remember that you're not just saying to the members now, but to all their constituents."

What came out of this discussion, as Fowler and Mercer knew it would, was a grandiose outline (inserted in a statement otherwise devoted to "Wiggins' great lies") of his. With his first five sentences he said what he felt most deeply about the months of investigation and revealed.

"I cannot express adequately the depth of my feeling that this case must be decided according to the law, and on no other basis . . . If we waver, falter and postpone, to decide this case on any other basis than the law and the evidence applicable thereto, it counts to me, my colleagues and you would be doing a greater violence to the Constitution than any misconduct alleged to Richard Stone."

As he said the same thing, in different ways, over the next six days, he stated some measure of dignity; that was not empty because he had seen that twenty seconds to make his case, but because he was played off against such intellect as Charles Sandman and Deborah Latta. ("That Latta, the woman just drops off her," said one of Wiggins' aides. "He's like the little kid who looks up in the show while your mothers are talking, and then just stares at you.") "The uncomfortable with Sandman and Latta," Wiggins said. "There is a political, rhetorical technique, and a courtroom technique, it's not as simple with my idea of emphasizing the law and the evidence."

Near the end of the debate, when it was clear that at least one of the articles would be debated in the House, Wiggins had his first contact with the White House. He had been defending for so many months. A call came in from Mike Friedlander, one of the President's congressional liaisons, who was relaying a great deal from the boys in the White House. Even as the President's congressional liaisons, who were preparing to run a secret telephone line from the White House to the committee staff room of the Judiciary Committee. When the debate began, St. Clair would watch the playacting on TV and phone his instructions to the Republican front line in the House. "My position was, shut, you would think," said Pat McConnell. But Wiggins said, when he heard the plan "These people will never listen."

It was almost over for Wiggins. At

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"It was, of course, the long-awaited 'hanging man' and when I heard it, no man was actually closer. He asked whether the President planned to plead the Fifth Amendment to prevent the tapes from being released, and I said that he did not, and heard Hale and St. Clair say it would be released in the public three days later, on Monday. If it was true, Wiggins had been there, it would remain in his hands."

Wiggins returned to his office, apparently convinced. He walked to his desk, the place of arguments and lawsuits on top of it, and he began holding up the papers and showing them into the touch can. He told his secretary that he had just received the 100-odd pages and that he would like to see them. He wanted to see them, that they should call all the members back to assist the appointment. He said the most important thing, in turning over what to do. No one else in the House knew about the tapes, not even Gerald Ford had heard them, but Wiggins called Ford's office to make his request making any pro-Nixon statements Wiggins had apparently been chosen because of his value as a lawyer. He said he was standing, then the news was clearly over. On Monday, Wiggins had a secretary type a draft of his statement, all persons were informed. The document was some 100 pages long. As the tapes were released, Wiggins stood before the cameras with eyes beaming and in an unbroken but exciting speech. He said he had just received the painful conclusion that the President of the United States should resign. "Then, after the legal phraseology, he said, 'Looking back again, with great reluctance and deep personal sorrow, I am prepared to conclude that the magnificent career of this great leader of our time must be terminated immediately.'"

Several days later, the resignation was made and a return to normalcy at hand. Wiggins said, "I have been at all for the position I took. I think my position was legally, intellectually, and morally correct. There are, in my opinion, no circumstances in which another might be tried on the basis of someone. The fact that the cameras were subsequently dismissed is to be sure does not make me feel any more kindly toward those who voted on the basis of the facts then available."

Finally correct. Yes, for a good time he can comfortably argue either side of a tough case, and Wiggins was a good lawyer. Intellectually correct? Perhaps, though Wiggins was not for a moment shaken by the mountain of evidence which had consumed sixty-four percent of the public and twenty-seven members of his committee. But morally correct—that is a different question.

For the true conservative, there were three issues at stake in the impeachment deliberations. One was the insistence on procedure and procedure, which Wiggins made a religion. Another was the conservative's sense of personal decency and honor, this is what people are not used to. And third, and last, the hope that Godwin, Nixon, and so on—Wiggins would tell them that he

had been absent from office. Finally there was the delicate of the issue, about the onslaught of the state. He could have, from time to time, appropriated these values, the proven when talking to his Black Table is in the dark, personal decency when Nixon has been caught drinking, and individual liberty when the Army is spying on evidence or the White House is paying money to someone that it would have been better to let the interests of some of them had stood more firmly in principle than they were during the impeachment crisis. If the American Civil Liberties Union, for example, had shared some of Wiggins' concerns about due process rather than leading the charge against Nixon.

What made the A.C.L.U. into the watchdog was a selection among the principles, a conviction that the threat to the most other people's liberties was far more serious than any legal technicalities that might be overlooked in the rush to get rid of him. Wiggins' choice was just the question—the "State," in his eyes, was the Judiciary Committee and its forensic power, and since Nixon was the party in need of defense Wiggins was not alone in his feeling about Nixon, but his honesty and intelligence make his position both more interesting and more dangerous than a "back-door" man such as Earl Warren. In his emphasis upon fair treatment for Richard Nixon, Wiggins displayed an conservatism's strength but in most other respects, his personal defense of Nixon's rights would have been far more persuasive if he had demonstrated any similar passion for them when critics of the Nixon Administration had trampled on, just as his exhortations about due process and procedural reform would be more convincing if he had so drastically sold his own devotion from outside of the state for expanded police powers. Remember his sparkling legal arguments were Wiggins' deep-felt conviction that Nixon required to leave the Presidency. After Ford had granted the pardon, Wiggins insisted all the legal reasons that made his appointment was proper constitutional procedure; Nixon could not now take the Fifth Amendment, that the legal nature was serious, "equal justice" was not offended, since it allows the latitude to treat individual cases individually—and then explained what the question was two years and the public backlash against the pardon had made him think, "I am seriously worried about the kind which has been under way since 1968, to undermine the President's democratic stability."

It is a curious reading of history that leads one to this view: a reading which starts from the idea that if we want to restrict a President we should do it precisely by attacking the Constitution, and which argues the idea that Presidents have gotten into trouble in the last decades because they were too free to make decisions. It is more than curious—it is ironic for this one blind spot brings the conservative from selling their several healthy horses to the rest of us, who could use them. *

MR. MIDAS

(Continued from page 41) American citizens until now should have seen the law and not held gold," he says, "and in exchange, and in the case of the law, he may act as my secretary and with the intricacy of a double agent. 'By the way, this is still correct,' he would say, 'because to a bank telephone in his house.' 'I still have a check it's been going on for ten years.'"

If Pick was simply an unshaded man standing in the wilderness, his opinions would matter little. But as the publisher of influential currency reports issued since 1945 and a prominent currency pundit, an author of twenty-four books on currency, and as a private consultant to well-heeled investors and world governments, Pick is a powerful candidate, which appears only very rarely about his personal preferences. The paperback, published annually since 1965, is filled with statistics about every currency known in the world, from Afghanistan's afghan to the Zambian kwacha. It's a book on the reference shelf of almost every nation's central bank.

Like most goldbugs, Pick is convinced that runaway inflation in the United States and other countries of the world will continue to eat away at the value of all currencies. And he feels sure that the price of gold will climb much more before any "serious" market investors are running away from paper currencies, bank rates, stocks, bonds, certificates of deposit, annuities, you name it."

What triggered this flight? In 1971 a devaluation of the British pound set off a worldwide shift from paper currencies to gold. Central banks sold up the gold for the hard-currency power for a while, but within five months they threw in the towel and set up the two-tier market for gold, because gold continued to command a set price in the low \$350 to \$380-a-ounce range, free-market gold shot up to \$400 to \$500 an ounce.

Profit taking brought the two-tier price back down to what by January, 1974, gold was selling for below the two official central-bank rate of \$350 an ounce. But in August, 1973, the United States suspended convertibility of dollars into gold because our gold stocks were growing so low. And by early 1974, gold sold as high as \$700 an ounce in London. In March, 1975, it hit \$377 an ounce in the Paris gold market, which is not a primary market, like London or Zurich. Since then, it has been steady in the \$445 to \$480-a-ounce range in the major gold markets outside the United States.

On average, Pick has said that gold could rise to almost any price—\$500 or \$1,000 per ounce—"the sky's the limit," as long as world inflation persists. But even the most experienced of people of fiscal gloom and doom admit that, for Americans, holding gold prior to 1965 was a losing proposition. Economists' best guess was that the average investor would lose 10 to 15 percent in 36 percent of the gold's value per year—and the price hasn't yet made any big



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money. Actually, there is a serious question as to whether it pays for the ordinary U.S. citizen to hold gold even now. Bank depositary money are high the holders of small amounts, and if kept elsewhere, the gold will be difficult to recall since it is revealed by an answer at \$5 to \$50 per ounce, no matter what the rate or amount of gold.

Citizens in other countries up to now have been permitted to hold gold—it traditionally has been handled by merchants and banks in France and India, for example—but it was illegal for Americans to do so until new legislation was signed into law by President Ford in 1975. Four months before that, Congress passed a law preventing United States citizens from holding gold wire. A 1961 law expanded the prohibition to precious metals bought and sold in the United States. Gold buyers and sellers, however, were permitted only to hold gold coins as collectors and not for sale. The United States (Australia, of course, could always and undoubtedly has bought shares in U.S., Canadian and South African companies which mine gold).

Now that gold ownership is on the upswing in the United States, how does Peck plan to take advantage of this recently opened market? "I do not know if I will buy before, but I will buy gold futures contracts," he says. At least two commodities exchanges in New York City and three in Chicago are to open futures markets in gold this year. (There has been one in Winnipeg—the only one in the world left open—since late 1970. Before that, ownership was permitted in the U.S. only non-American living outside the United States could trade there.)

Why buy gold contracts instead of "own" gold?

"It's better," replies Peck. "I can get in and out of the market much faster. Also, the price will be cheap—actually, payments I will be able to buy the contracts like nothing." At gold's recent price (\$190 to \$195 a troy ounce), the new futures contracts meet a speculator either \$200 (in one direction—about thirteen troy ounces—contract on the New York Mercantile Exchange), \$2,000 (one hundred troy ounces—about three kilograms on the New York Commodity Exchange), the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, the Chicago Board of Trade, and the Winnipeg Commodity Exchange), or about \$1,000 (the standard two-hundred-troy-ounce contract in Winnipeg until the creation of one-hundred-troy-ounce trade, was added in 1971).

Actually, a gold futures speculator paid up his profits to twenty percent of the week of the contract. If the price falls below his margin, he must pay up more money, as specified by each exchange. Few commodity speculators take delivery of the items and therefore their contract. They simply buy contracts hoping the price will go up so the future so they can sell them to other speculators looking for commodity bargains (people who actually use the metal or need it for industrial purposes). Or they sell contracts at today's price if they believe the cost of the item—the cost,

gold—will go down. The hedgers buy or sell contracts simply to fix their position (or balance off another sell or buy with the opposite number at today's price).

Peck says that the last time he purchased metals futures was about four years ago, when he bought silver and palladium contracts for a price in the six-figure range. "Good choices," he says wistfully. "Silver has increased from \$1.37 to as much as \$1.50 an ounce and palladium, from \$80 an ounce to about \$200." Peck does not intend to trade in silver and palladium contracts—that is, sold them before they expired (as he now sees metals have run up to expensive margins) and bought silver—on which he has delivery of the metal. If a speculator does not sell a commodity contract before it expires, he must accept the commodity and store it himself. Buying futures contracts in precious metals can be a dangerous game, observes a veteran commodities trader.

"Because of the low margin, the leverage is enormous. You can make a fortune or get wiped out very quickly."

Has Peck himself held gold before its restriction was lifted in the United States? He keeps a record of about as the U.S. Government for not permitting private ownership of gold until now, but he dodges the question whenever it comes up.

Nevertheless, he concludes the chances to hold his 1973 and 1975 Commodity Purchase as follows:

"As the cynic has said: 'What is not placed or hoarded is a safe deposit box in one of the banks on the Bowdoin Street in Boston or on the Rue de la Harpe in Geneva will not survive the storm to come.' Any amount of money in cash, the worldwide expression of money, cannot be taken to safety."

Was it wise to break the law and hold gold? "With a crooked President like Nixon, did you have to obey the law?" Peck asks. "If you did, you were punished for your stupidity."

Peck does admit to having amassed over a long period of time a collection of gold coins, which he says has appreciated four hundred percent in value since he began collecting in the early 1950s. One 1937 "high-end" U.S. dime he made of his is so rare that there are only twenty in existence, he says. "One other sold for \$200,000 at auction not too long ago, but if I could sell it, I would not sell it of because it pays income taxes." Peck says he bought the one for about \$41 before World War II.

Gold coins, says Peck, generally sell at a premium ranging from eight to one hundred percent over the value of the pure gold they contain, depending on the make of the coin and how much numismatists may covet it. Purchasing such coins from dealers can be perilous because the market is not regulated by any government agency, collectors advise. Peck says he recently placed an order for a hundred double eagles with a major dealer but never got the coin. "I give it to you in black and white; he

switched on the deal. I put in my order as a Friday, the price went up by one dollar an ounce over the weekend, and on Monday he refused to deliver; he is a crook."

Most other goldbugs also have discovered that Peck is not a crook. Harvey Karpman, the Canadian secretary-cum-editor who wrote the best-selling book, *I Can Profit from a Mining Crisis*, believes the terms from and the date of the order are being used as a bluff. Says Karpman: "Peck's own figures, which I used to write up back in those days, show that Peck does not read or interpret them the same way I do. He insists that inflation is out of hand in their country like it is everywhere else."

Jim Dunn, who publishes *The Denver Letter* from New York City, has been bullish on gold since 1961. Dunn believes that money can be made by purchasing shares of gold-mining companies "as long as the investor holds some of the stock outside the country" to protect himself against monetary upheaval here in the United States.

Peck violently disagrees. "Everything in printed paper is wrong," Peck insists. "If it cannot be defended, it will be confiscated by the government."

Reacts Dunn: "I'm looking for a tremendous financial crisis in this country, but Peck is looking for the end of the world."

G. V. Myers of Calgary, Alberta, in Canada, who publishes *Money* Finance & Economy newsletter, has been telling subscribers to buy South African gold shares. "In 1971, when the United States went off the gold standard, gold stocks became a good buy," says Myers, who went into the investment advisory business after attending a Peckman seminar in 1967. "I got \$100,000 when Peck was essentially right, but I thought he had been right too long. It was not good advice to buy gold in the early 1970s. Inflation kept rising, even to make the dividend a big loss."

William H. Tihen, a secretary and gold-mining analyst for F. R. Herge & Co., Wall Street, disagrees. He has noted for its estate research, advises investors to put half of their portfolio into gold-mining shares and to buy Wednesday U.S. Treasury notes with the rest. "You can hold cash in the bank for a while, but I think at some point you should get out of banks because they will probably close," says Tihen.

Peck, who says he couldn't care less what the other goldbugs think, dismisses their opinion with a wave of his hand. "If any of them know anything, it's because they're my associates and use information they get from me," he says. "Some of them are nutty men and a few are pimps who get kickbacks from clients. They try to convince me they are cheap, I am expensive."

Whether Peck's associates will prevail or not, Jim Dunn, as he himself admits, are certainly helping feed inflation. The monthly Peck's World Currency Report goes to a few hundred subscribers for

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The Ambassador.

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Scotch at its lightest.

private their intimacy of power at Stormont, seat of the Northern government outside Belfast. It is true that the genuine beliefs of masses of Catholics in the South are exploited by priests.

Elmest number two is nationalism, born and bred during hundreds of years of British colonial rule before independence. It is less obvious in the North, among the Loyalists. But though the Loyalists, on religious grounds, are horrified at the notion of union with the supposedly racist-and-anti-South, and pro-segregationist South, they are nevertheless, in a different way, just as patriotically minded as the "belle époque" Loyalists.

The third element is unacceptably

strive to bring among other things people of all classes and religious affiliations together. The only way this could be done would be if they elevated themselves to a more open space. Such beliefs were denied by the masses, against all the odds and against the wishes of the people, the way of the War of Independence. In the North, people use themselves, even against all odds, to bring about a new order. They defended their territory and way of life against popular marches and British threats.

Truth is that its own capacity to open that open world is several dimensions. It means people are starting to think. It means to believe, someone carrying, that the world is not a static, unchangeable stage. It means that the masses are aware, not only of their own, but of the world. It means that big farmers, and all of them, begin to be an individual worker living in the class or society, because there is nothing in their history to prove that they can change an entire social system. It means that together and even hand over to change, the world is becoming a more established social system.

It is the hope, instead, of showing the people for their example on how to live.

When Turkey and conclusions of defiance, the respectable manner cited the same selection of two years ago over the coast-
er (London). Flying the Cyprus flag on
the 100th anniversary of the British
Crested arrived in the morning. 1872
at Helvick Head on the north coast of
Ireland. It was crewed by a number of
Germans and Danes. But the most impor-
tant names on board was a Mr. J. de
Cahill, one of the best known and most
active leaders of the Protestant branch
of the Irish Republican Army. In the
past he had been jailed on various oc-
casions for his part in the independence
of the British soldiers. At this point
he had escaped jail and temporarily
disappeared in, so it turned out

Cyprus, where the *Clusius* set sail. Here and where the cargo of arms came aboard is not precisely known. It is known that the *Clusius* broke its journey at Tyne.

The Cinema was met by an amazing lunch aboard which were a local printer, a headmaster of a school at Kismatsumu, and an engineer specialising in plumbing. Since the security arrangements of the Provincial L.R.A. are by no means up to normal international standards, the whole party was arrested. Thereupon spoken in the Republic split in all directions. The minister for justice said that the arrest

proved the smother of the forces of law and order in suppressing the "non-violence" and demonstrated to apostles, working in particular to the Northerners and the British, that the Irish government was most actively engaged in dealing with this type of activity.

This impressive statement, "Quickly" is probably the operative word. The opinion was stated. For what a very large majority of the population felt was that it was perhaps a pity that

given the dire situation of the Catholics in the North, these men had been denied them by the government of the Republic. For Cabell, it was true, was a political organizer, leader, and fighter. At the same time had he not done much to protect his coreligionists in the North? And from a national point of view had not the men been

distilled after all to attack the British Army still occupying a section of the island? And an example of the third element in the makeup of the officer leadership was provided by numerous leading officers in Singapore where the arrested engineering planners had kin business. They certainly were opposed to the activities of the Provisionals and they had very little interest in whatever might be happening in the

wealthy countries. But their factories were prospering, and the arrests of Chamber was the only move available in the area who could keep the paper young and the other technical apparatus working so as to enable them to continue un-interrupted production. Therefore, with no regard whatever to political considerations or political affiliations they took in the whole of their powerful automobiles and rushed to Dublin to

Should people still have any doubts as to what is proper to think about Ireland, they might consider the following situation. Suppose the entire city of

New York were, by some natural convulsion, to be torn loose from the mainland and floated out into the western Atlantic (Senator Goldwater once expressed the opinion that this would be

good thing.) In this new member state, eventually allowing independent representations at the UN, funds and tensions would be vibrant and violent. The outside world would be alternately shocked, mystified and bored by news of the continuous upsurge. And what would it be proper to think about all that? ¹⁰

THAT OLD BLACK MCNAGIE

Now in its high spirits and confident in that Holokane was built on the site of a church which its growth has turned to the ground after tearing the congregation inside it. For some reason, says Eise, ever since then Holokane has been a source of doom for its owners: a general was one of the first folk to buy Holokane and he was killed inside by shooting himself through the head, his widow was also one to a dreadful end, and so on.

"No," says Rex. "They say that Lord Fraser, who was beheaded in the eighteenth century and who's buried in Solihull Graveyard, rolls his head down the hallways of Solihull at night."

"Oh, sure," says Eric. "But then I turn on the light and there's never anything there."

As we pass Bolshaya Gruzepod on the public road that runs around the lake, Lee observes that there is a full moon out tonight and wonders if there's anything going on in the graveyard at night.

"Well," says Eric, "years ago a mother came here with her son who'd just gotten out of an insane asylum. They came to put flowers on the father's grave. Anyway, the kid had a sudden fit of madness and dashed his mother's brains out on the father's headstone. They say that every so often the mother crawls out of her grave and sometimes moans on her husband's headstone, trying to find her brains."

A cheery story is what our appetites for dinner, which is at a country inn, Urmas takes of the event before even touching her appetite and goes into a series of numbers including crying, whining, screaming at the top of her lungs, and throwing various objects from our table onto the floor. Eric and Iru pretend not to notice, but Urmas manages to clear out the entire dinner hall in less than a quarter of an hour.

By the time we drop Kite and line and Vespa off at Bolshakovo my nervous system is shot. And yet, as we drove back past Bolshakovo Graveyard, a perverse idea for someone with a shot nervous system presents itself.

"Listen, Lee," I say, "do you think you have the guts to walk through Babylonian Grounds now? What with the full moon and everything, there's a remote chance we might see something."

Lee thinks awhile and finally decides that if I'm brave enough, then so is he. We park the car about fifty yards down the road and shut off the lights. For some reason, reason I consider having the police planning for emergencies, but after a brief discussion Lee and I reason that if we get into any trouble in the wilderness we are none

there is nothing to report, their eyes start to glaze over and they begin to slur; during alcohol, snoring for some story, whispering to another for another story.

I informed NBC-TV News correspondent Les Trevis and, thinking we can't trust her, Les and I tell her about our encounter at the Balfour Hotel. In fact she has heard that nearby Urquhart Castle, in ruins on the shore of the lake for several centuries, is haunted by ghosts of nobility and Scottish noblemen. I propose a midnight visit. Urquhart Castle is a hundred yards from Les's shore and he's not excited about visiting an abandoned house, so Les and I set off alone.

The way you go to Urquhart Castle is you park your car on the road that follows the lake, and you walk down the steeply graded stone meadow till you reach the castle walls. When I turn off my headlights we are plunged into total darkness. There are no street lights, no friendly lights from nearby houses, and no moon or stars out either because it is drizzling. I have brought along a flashlight of defense, which flicks and goes out as we are twenty more than twenty yards down the path to the castle.

Les, who has been laughing around various foreign wags, mechanically getting chilled and shot at for years, is sitting on the ground and might as well as the castle. I am placed in the middle of a massed, outrageous and protective rule, and as we continue descending the path I wonder if this is the slighest chance of encountering anything dreadful. I mean if you can't come up with a single ghost at Balfour Castle, how can you have at Urquhart Castle a female?

Every few steps we take, Les stops, grabs my arm and whispers, "What was that?" Les keeps saying, "What was that?" but it is beginning to take to tell me my nerves. With the rain coming down harder, we walk over my along the path in the darkness, and I am not to each other to keep from falling.

Suddenly Les stops and cries my arm so tightly I fear she has severed my artery.

"What's wrong?" I whisper.

"There's something ahead of us in the path," she whispers, "something white."

"No," I say, "I see, and I see the moon is reflecting."

There is indeed something ahead of us in the path. Something white and bright.

"Listen," I whisper, "it's nothing to be afraid of. It's just a rock or a boulder or something."

"That's what it is moving!" she says.

She is right. It is moving. It is a very delicate, moving. Toward us. Well, this is it, then—what you saw at Balfour Castle, an encounter with a ghost. Les and I hold my breath, waiting to find out what dreadful thing the white shape knows toward us in the dark.

And then, so it is almost upon us, I know what it is.

"A duck," I say, not loud. "Yes, we have both almost had nervous reactions from seeing a cute little white waddle here."

Previously, I am disappointed.

The magical sword and dagger have still not come in the mail. George Alexander born in the patient. Les has imperiously pointed out my hotel room, imperiously our great work.

"At this point," says Les, "I'd rather see a clean carpet than a naked lady."

That night, as both have terrible memories. At night, when the door is open, she made up in the dark to see if we're up. We realize we can't let the matter see the carpet. Les tells them to wait. The matter returns and starts again at Les. Les tells them I'm still asleep. They say they have to change the carpet. Les tells them we'll do it ourselves. They tell him to move the door to enter the room, he can't. The door has mysteriously closed. We reach up at it, separately and together, moving, but it doesn't budge. The door is now open for Les to jump from, and it is too cold to sleep on all night. The only alternative we can see is to go and make the manager of the hotel understand how to open the door with special tools. We do not know how we are going to explain to him why Les and I are not in the room at this hour or why the bedroom has to be opened with special tools of different colors.

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work to match the intricate layout pattern. It is becoming to look as though this is the end of the Flamingo Tablets and I am chosen to color this one.

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then of carpet cleaner in town and three men of grey wool to cover up the people on the terrace. We have then for weeks they've been doing a very extensive search around at the point where it happened. The proprietor must think we are passing a comedy of errors. We return to the hotel room. When we enter the room, we see the carpet door we realize there is neither enough of it nor is it dark enough to match the carpet. We'd better to see it over with black. We wear the two ladies of carpet cleaner in the rug. The stain does not get any better, but the situation is so pathetic. I discover the material and discover the glue holding the carpet to the floor. The carpet begins to come up like a large hole being lifted.

Throughout all of the above mishaps, we have been daily aware of two very disturbing facts: (1) the carpet and dagger have definitely not shown up, nor are they going to—they are either lost in the mud or else they were never sent; (2) Eric, who was supposed to call us when he got to London and return to Loch Ness in three days, has done neither. It's been a week and a half now, and nobody knows how he is. We have been given a phone number in London, but every time we try it we get a recording machine with the voice of an angry woman on it. We have not yet heard anything from Eric about the recorded voice, but Eric never calls.

It gradually dawns on us that Eric has disappeared. We start to believe it. There we are with an environment by now of more than \$180 and some 180 men-hours of work, and all we've got to show for it is a crate metal gold, a baggy blue carpet and a mysterious trace of Eric. The man has been, how can I afford to leave? I live returns and sets up our equipment. In the other hand, when it there to indicate that time will ever return at all?

It is clear I must leave. But if I do not, we'll be able to tell how much time we've really got.

I convince Les we must take dramatic action. We are going to strengthen up the room and the terrace floor as best we can, and then we are going to move the machine to clean the room. It's the only way we'll be able to tell how much time we've really got.

We start through the hall till we find the machine. They move nervously at us and ask if we want to take any more sheets or towels. No, we say, what we really like is for them to clean our room. They look startled. Clean the room? What, exactly, did we have in mind? A clean room, we say. Well, then, I'll have to get permission from the head housekeeper. Yes. We go out and come back with the room head's book. We'll be in an hour to get them to come in now and we will be kept them out before?

Our need to get out now either view the carpet is becoming so obvious. We start a guy we've gotten a very small, a very little sound now with the Loch Ness film bunch. We ask him to see room for a chat. He comes in. We hold her breath. He doesn't notice the carpet. He asks what it is we had wanted to chat about. I decide it is time to



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Looking at the carpet as if the first time there, I say, "What the hell is that?" The Irish man now looks at the carpet.

"What the hell is that?" he asks. "That," I say, smiling to show what he's going to find out, the blue stain or the wrinkled beige.

He looks down close to the spot we've been pouring gallons of liquid money onto for the past several days. The shirt is gone.

"I don't know," he says. "Looks like somebody spilled something there a long time ago."

Later and I exchange refined and jaded looks.

Later in the day, the maid, under heavy guard, no doubt, under the eyes of the "international" police, comes in and changes the sheets and towels. We are not there to see it, and if they ever notice the abnormalities on the carpet and the broken floor they never mention it.

We are home free. And I can finally leave. I pack up my gear and drop Lee off at the draft office. I leave a check and I bid him a fond farewell.

"Well, Dorothy," says Lee, "I guess Kenny is done in some pretty odd after this."

I am back in New York and going through customs at John F. Kennedy Airport. The customs man looks through my suitcase with his x-ray camera, then glances at the large, flat rectangular package wrapped in brown paper.

WHAT'S BETTER THAN THE PILL: VASECTOMY, CELIBACY AND RHYTHM?

I followed *News* page 352, which it said considered the issue. The issue could be expanded to these levels without harm? There is no subjective question of best, he adds, and the vasculation itself can only be described as pleasant. As I learned when Dr. Fabian insisted that I at least take a paper into the afternoon spot. Even at 5 a.m., and neither an extremely thin, nor a thick, I experienced nothing more than a tangle. Dr. Fabian insists that he has put some delicate parts of his penis into the vagina, there without the slightest discomfort. He continues the day when usual, non-penetrative intercourse seems to be beside him. He is, he adds, at least small, who is every doctor's office.

The challenge now is to make the vasculation technique more fluid. "Vasculation," so that it can eventually produce a continuous effect, for whatever duration is desired. Dr. Fabian is confident that this can be done, though through or even thousands of vasculation will first have to be tested at various intervals and intensities, down, perhaps, to a small fraction of a vasculation per square centimeter, before a predictable result can be devised. The first test, but treatment was applied in developing countries as an irreversible vasectomy. Dr. Fabian believes it will still be superior to vasectomy. The device could be discontinued, he says, with built-in safety breaks so that it could be used by nonmedical personnel, without

any real surgery.

"If he's that," he says, "a vasectomy?" "No," I say. "It's black magic! Flamingo! To be used in the evocation of vasculation."

The cartoon man is silent for several minutes. Nowhere in the training manual for cartoon people does it prepare them to deal with a sort of statement. I have just laid on him.

"Want to take a look at them?" I say. It is about a moment longer. Finally he speaks.

"I would," he says. "But only out of my own curiosity."

As soon as I get home I read *News* a last letter, telling him how much work we put in and how sad we were that it was all for nothing. I attach the letter with the cartoon. I attach a few phrases that the Jewish people have handed down from generation to generation. I know that *News* must say my letter.

He does. It's a five-page. I begin to read.

"Dear Dan," it begins. "Is what that will, shall be the whole of the law." I made through several lines of equally spelling and shifty stuff from *News*. He begins by not apologizing for his disappointment. He goes on to say that the sword and dagger putting him in the mail were "what is left with the division." I had done what seemed that this was the proper time to begin such work. "The old sword and dagger were never found, but honest George and so

new ones). How generous is tell me a whole new kind of things he wants me to do before we can have our conversation.

The cartoon "Before I go any farther with you in the matter I would like a personal first report on these matters." This will strengthen your area and further your spirit vision, and give me a single proof of your own ability. (as) to the people looking only time in."

He concludes, "I want to make sure we are in agreement as to what becomes of the temple furnishings and we complete our work. In return for the use of the temple I suggest we leave the altar, banner, and tablet. . . . The four chairs and reveals will be mine by right of construction (as). The robes and signs for your set, will be yours. The parchment we will order. . . . The letter is signed, informally as ever, "Love in the law, love and will, ILLIC, Father Brian. His Saint of the order A. . . ."

Postscript: I have recently met a dwarf report from Holland who, astonishingly enough, has been able to prove to me that he has a sense of very appropriate and frightening power. I asked him his opinion of black magic.

"Black magic," said the dwarf, "is black magic. It's black magic. You must be a fool if you don't know that. You don't need photography, divination, cards, and magic spells. You don't need magic. Anybody can do it!"

Sleep well. ■

confrontation to some of the settings in a number of months. One method could conceivably be used to remove hundreds of thousands.

While waiting for the perfection of the vasculation technique, Dr. Fabian does not advise American men to do this and want to be failures in my opinion. But, both or light-duty vasectomy. But, he is convinced, lower sperm counts, but it is not possible to do with any reliability how much. Moreover, after a single but both, or even two or three of them, there may be at least visible more in the his sperm counts. The sperm counts of the sperm, to arrive in pregnancy.

In order to assist in some vasculation for the application of test results, Dr. Fabian is experimenting with a water-activated battery developed by Chem-S-Watt Corporation. A thin, flexible metal sandwich consisting of metal plates coated with a polymer and with electrolyte, the battery is activated when immersed in water and the salt dissolves. Depending upon its composition, the battery can last up to 100 days. Dr. Fabian is interested in a specifically natural, it can only be shaped into a small container for holding the battery. Dr. Fabian's design calls for a device that will last a week of about 100 degrees F. Each package will be worn for half an hour at a time and then disposed of, as they are comparable to

confrontation. With frequent applications, this approach might reduce sperm count in a predictable fashion, possibly over a period of several weeks, to the point where sperm counts would not be sufficient. It's worth the investigation, he believes, because no matter how safe studies may show otherwise to be, some men still be afraid of it.

In the meantime, the Columbia team believes the vasculation could be put to practical use fairly soon—as part of the vasculation effort. In each day and vasectomy. Each year in the United States alone more than 17,000,000 of these devices are used, a large percentage of them vasculation. A million-dollar device (handmade) depends on vasectomy. In addition, Dr. Fabian believes, the best vasculation could have a significant impact on the sperm counts that are not available. Male dogs could be rendered infertile without destroying their sperm counts, because the sperm counts, he says, could be completely restored, so that they wouldn't fight and land at incorrect hours, simply by having the sperm counts of the sperm.

As work progresses, Dr. Fabian is turning the patients on his vasculation device, one to the University of Missouri. "Physically, I feel a good sense," he says. "I'm not sure about it, but I'm not sure about it."

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on the afternoon—not riding in Holm-Bosco. We're not going to skip any details here because we have many.

David Rockefeller, Jr. and Anna David Jr., who is now an arts administrator for the Deane Seminary Deane and return to the cultural administration, described the unusual situation from the inside point of view: "In my generation, the girls mostly went to land private schools and we boys hardly put any pressure by a feeling that we should grow our lives to the family. The family as a family is a good thing, but the family as a business is not. In my generation, my father has never put any pressure on me to get involved in the family affairs, though he has hinted that there would be plenty to keep me busy if I felt called. The one thing he has stressed is that whatever anybody does he'll enjoy it if he does it and that's the heart of my father's belief, in the emotional."

For most of the women, being rich simply means being the additional burden of doing something with all the money they've got. Nelson's oldest son, Rodman, who is president of the diversified investment company, International Bank Economic Corporation (I.B.E.C.), put it this way: "After the first million, you learn you have all this money, and you lay what you want, and then you know that you have to do something with it."

One gets the impression that once Rockefeller married, a moral duty to take the fun out of being rich. The fourth generation is being carefully steered in the direction of philanthropy by a small family. Family Fund started in 1968 for the benefit of the younger members of the family. The first year's program started with a modest \$100,000 investment of interest to the cause. Members of the fourth generation, as their spouses, were given five places on the board of trustees. The object is to encourage growth transfer of power and financial responsibility to the fourth-generation here, as they don't show everything their children created. Also, it maintains in the family a sense of togetherness and concerted purpose.

What's it like to fall in love with and marry a Rockefeller? The public record provides few clues. The only fourth-generation Rockefeller marriage which received extensive press coverage was the one between Nelson's second son, Steven, and Anna-Marie Blumstein.

It all started in 1954 when Anna-Marie, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a retired Norwegian grocer and economist, came to the United States to work English. In New York, she soon got a job as a maid in the twenty-seven-room triple penthouse apartment of the Rockefellers. Steven, twenty at the time, took a liking to the blue-eyed, dark-haired Anna-Marie, blond her and fell in love.

Anna-Marie stayed with the Rockefellers for almost a year, then got a department store job and later

worked for an insurance company. In April, 1958, she returned to her home in Boston, where she was working on the western coast of Norway. When Steven graduated from Princeton that July, he bought a rug and took off for Norway to ask Anna-Marie to marry him. Anna-Marie agreed.

"My mother said," she told the press, "that if it really is love between you and someone, if you think marriage is the best way to bring you happiness, we will not dream of standing in your way."

One of the local townsmen, on getting his first look at a real live Rockefeller heir, told a reporter, "You certainly wouldn't think he was a millionaire when you look at his clothes. He shows especially. They are well-made, dark brown slacks."

The marriage took place on August 24, with Nelson and her family flying to Norway for the church ceremony. After a honeymoon on the family yacht, the Norwegian bride settled down to the business of creating little delicacies, while Steven studied in the Oslo Theological Seminary.

In May, 1960, Steven's grandfather, J.D.E. Jr., died at the age of eighty-two, leaving a modest estate of \$100,000. Two months later, Anna-Marie gave birth to Steven Jr. Then in November, 1961, came the scandal. Roy Lichtenstein (Nelson and Mary) had decided to split up after thirty-one years of marriage. The following year, Steven's mother, Anna, and her second marriage partner, Robert Payne, who had been married as a Mississippi aristocrat, were dropped from the social Register.

In May, 1962, Anna-Marie's father-in-law married the former Mrs. Margaret to Peter Murphy, better known as Happy. Mrs. Murphy, then thirty-seven, was another Philadelphia-born lady. In 1958 she had married Dr. James Blake Murphy, whose family had been associated with the Rockefeller Institute for forty years. The Murphys were often invited to Rockefeller parties in Pocantico Hills. In 1958, Happy went to work as a volunteer for Nelson during his election campaign. In 1960, she became a paid member of his staff. Somewhere along the way it happened. In April, 1963, Happy got an Idaho divorce which agreed to give her husband custody of their four children. It was a painful choice for a

mother to make, but the only way Dr. Murphy could free her to marry the governor. Later attempts by Happy to regain custody of the youngest child failed, but better visitation rights were agreed on.

In 1962, Anna-Marie gave birth to a daughter, Ingrid. In May, 1964, Happy gave birth to Ingrid's uncle, Nelson Jr. Later that year, Anna-Marie, said to be the most beautiful woman in America, broke off another daughter, Jennifer, and Steven entered Columbia University to get his doctorate in theology. In 1966, Ann Rockefeller Passant left her husband and got a divorce in Mexico. In 1967, Happy presented the governor with another boy, Mark Pittier. That same year Anna-Marie couldn't become active in helping the governor was the Republican nomination for the Presidency. She organized a Massachusetts American committee for Rockefeller and invited several one country gilding for New Englanders to support her father-in-law. During a ship in Boston, Wisconsin, she was offered of the best Rockefeller connection, a businessman of Norwegian extraction who manufactured non-revolving machines and valve-in modern times. Whether it was merely a thing years ago for something Norwegian or whether it was love at first sight, we have no way of knowing. But seventeen months later, Anna-Marie's separation from Steven was officially announced, and in June, 1970, she got a Mexican divorce which granted her custody of the children. The following June she married her recently divorced companion from Wisconsin.

If your resolve is strong enough to leave you undisturbed in the face of such chance marital bliss, if you still want to marry a Rockefeller, you should study the Social Register carefully (available in any large reference collection), get to know who's who, and try to get in as your way into the firm. Who knows how many exes, divorces (small "d") fourth- and fifth-generation children will be running around committee headquarters between now and 1975. Be imaginative, work hard, do something for them, and you may make the connection that counts. Someday you too may be able to walk around Pocantico Hills with a name tag and pass up at your own special place on the hillside. *

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WARFA

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BY ZERO MOSTEL



A quick look at the way I hold my liquor can tell you that I should have my head examined. A reasonable conclusion.

For, you see, I happen to have a hole in my head. When I first discovered this, I took advantage of the situation, quickly drilling a hole in my drinking glass and placing it over the hole in my head.

The scotch flowed deliciously through my body. Which sometimes has been referred to as a beautiful whale. As it passed my eyes, I chased it with a little eye-wash. At my knees it ran into a large body of water. Scotch and water on the knee can be very painful. In fact, it's not commonly known but the drainage on my knee was the model for the Hoover Dam.

Drinking scotch my way does have its advantages. It allows me to chew gum and drink at the same time. Besides, it's because I drink that way that I drink Teacher's. I've tried a lot of

other brands, but nothing gets better on me or goes down softer.

As a matter of fact, in the hope that the Teacher's people would ask me to endorse their scotch, I set down on tape some observations about my life. The following then are the transcripts from the scotch tapes of Zero Mostel.

"My Mother (bless her) raised me a long time. I was born at the premature old age of 2. Father (incredible.)

"In (incredible) school, I enjoyed it badly. I was even going for my masters, but I couldn't find their mine. Later I fought with the Foreign Legion.

"And lost.

"In the theater, I've worked with Barbra, Kean, Rudolph Schindler and the divine Sarah Schwartz, learning nothing on my way to star failure. But I've also done a lot outside the theater. Under a pseudonym I wrote War and Peace, Beowulf, Godley's Lady's Book, Tunes of Adams and

Be! Mr. Bu Du Schoon. I was turned down for the Knighthood only because I had one bad knee. I have affixed the names of Caravaggio, Le Nain, Monet, Rembrandt, Turner, and Ross Backer to the canvases I've painted which hang by a rope in many (expletive) museums all over the world. In addition, I served and landed for years in Gaudin's fashion consultant.

"I've often been pistol-slashed, but I was out of town too much. Besides, in all sense, what do you do for an encore?"

"(Gap)

"My (expletive) deleted secretary just lacked the tape recorder. (Expletive deleted, expletive deleted.)

"Altogether my life has been a happy one filled with sadness. And vice versa. When I was Lucinda Stelfens, I saw the future and it didn't work. So, in the twilight of my life, I look behind me. Which can be a shattering experience when you're walking around with a glass in your head.

"As this ad draws to a close, if you didn't buy the hole in the head story, at least by now you must believe that I have rocks in my head. (Expletive, inaudible, gap, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, solo expletive, strata, ad infinitum, ad nauseum.)"



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DINING ENJOY WITH DISGUISE

A elegant little restaurant called *Alcove* was opened early in October by Orlando Rodriguez, who has had the right creative touch for what he calls a Spanish-Catalan place, including eight years with *The Four Seasons*, a few with *The Spanish Pavilion*, and a few more as owner of another intimate restaurant, *Marbella*, on Long Island.

The new place, at 254 East Fifth-street in Manhattan, has three rooms, each with its own character. The room containing the bar is all polished wood, from the floor to the leather of the bar stools to the bar itself of beautifully grained and oiled solid oak. Complimentary hors d'oeuvres are served here from four until seven.

The main dining room has off-white walls, unusual lighting, framed reproductions of paintings from the Prado, black and red carpeting, nicely spaced tables, and leather seats. A wine, glass and room. The bar area is white, the chairs black, and white and rather delicate the terrace, once opening work, are dark. The smaller dining room is for overflow dining or private parties.

Lunch and dinner are à la carte, both served Monday through Friday. Just dinner on Saturday, from six until eleven or twelve.

For dinner there are nine or ten hors d'oeuvres, including trufs, *Andrés* and *shrimp*. *Alcove* is a rich menu; the sauces are excellent here. The soups feature gazpacho, the whole menu that is a specialty of the countryside around Seville, it probably isn't available elsewhere in New York. In addition to the fine selection of fish and seafood, there are specialties: seven or eight, \$12 for two, and partridge à la Valencienne with lobster at \$15 for two. Roast of chicken in white wine sauce is \$4.50 and five oysters \$9.50. Dinners include Galician dishes with greens, fish and seafood. Spanish wines are listed at the end of the menu, a Marqués de Murrieta white was \$7.

Reservations: 421-5500.

The *Potted Lion* is at 333 Lexington Avenue near Thirty-ninth Street, and if you forget the address, just walk down the west side of Lexington until an overcast sign of a lay line comes into view. Beach it a few and a minute and are definitely not period guard the friends of a public-house restaurant as *Engelshoven* would feel at home in, restaurant, parking, a bar that will take a lot of learning as, perhaps and owners of another bar. The restaurant is of a former owner, the seventh and before him, the son, Rita Roth and Al (for Alpha). Nodulians were warned and shed at The *Potted Lion* for four years when they lay around there. They've been there for more than a year now and with Peter, the bartender, that handle the whole operation with due pitch and care.

While the downtown restaurant scene, the main new place a great deal of emphasis on fish, Mr. Rodriguez took the *Palace* which early on, morning to select the fish for the day and except for frozen lobster tails and shrimp, the seafood served at the *Lion* is fresh.

With a few exceptions, everything is à la carte. Lunches in eleven to three Monday through Friday with entrees from seven to \$10. On Monday there is a fish-and-chips luncheon with a glass of wine, around \$3. Dinner is five to seven Monday through Saturday. Entrees range in price from less than \$4 to a bit more than \$7, and include a beef of steamer clams and celery and carrot sticks. The specialty in the evening is whole lobster (available in three states) stuffed with crab meat, bread crumbs, herbs and may, with it is served soup, salad, a small loaf of hot bread, dessert and coffee for \$15. There are only a few appetizers: seafood omelette, shrimp cocktail, baked shrimp, the *Alcove* soups include a chorizo. If a fish is in season, it will be on the menu, and for non-fish eaters there is chicken steak, double rib back chops and meat chafing.

All entrees, however, are reduced to \$1.25 and hot hors d'oeuvres are on the house.

Reservations: 897-8050.

In March, 1943, when young Danny Stendell opened his *Hide-A-Way* at 351 East Forty-fifth Street, the name was not yet one there were no tables and a small bar and the place wasn't easy to find. Today, on the eve of its thirtieth birthday, the name is appropriate no longer; the three-story building has three main dining rooms and eight private rooms, accommodating five hundred diners. It has also become known as a favorite haunt of a variety of celebrities.

Danny is a colorful character (compare *Golden Glows* bartender *Chiquito*, *Harriet Moon* lady-bopper, actor—the part is *Lost From From One* *Hit* with *Kid*, *Douglas* proved to be a better restaurant), but that doesn't explain the success of the *Hide-A-Way*. People come back for the good strains the *Hidden* specialties, the food, what the pleasant dining room, but also because the employees work hard at making their guests feel at home. Peter Brown, the owner of *Hide-A-Way* and served in *Alcove*, has been with *Stendell* from the start, and most of the women have been there for years; it really is a big working family.

The three main dining rooms are the *Celebrity Room*, an smaller adjacent, and a larger dining room is back. The *Celebrity Room* has been renovated recently, has still a wide lighting, a room with red and brown, non-eclectic banquette and celebrity portraits. There is room for only seventy here, but

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The larger dining room also has its share of notable stars. Sonny Bono Jr. and Peter Lawford were tucked away in a corner recently while they watched the premiere of Sonny Bono's new show on Bono's TV set. Of course the celebrities get special attention, so they do at most restaurants, but a few years ago some of them decided to take over and give Disney a night off. Joan Crawford was the big ex-cuse. Robert Preston the bartender, John Carroll and Mary Collins acted as maître d's. Forrest Tucker was doorman. Jack Palance pulled pointers in the kitchen, and if perfection wasn't the word for the night, liberty was.

Bono's Little & Big is open for lunch Monday through Friday and for dinner every night. It's open at five on Sunday and closes at twelve o'clock. A menu is available at lunch, at dinner the selections are varied. There are daily luncheon specials (Monday, Italian mixed grill), Thursday, and champagne. Monday, all around \$51 and great prime ribs, flat of sole, smelt with milk lobster, and many more. At dinner, the beef, fish and Italian specialties are the most famous, but the kitchen is versatile.

Reservations: 556-3356

The Allen of Pepp and Allen's Catch of the Sea takes considerable pride in that a grandfather was his advance agent to the business of importing the best and the freshest of the catch of the sea to New York. His name was Fanny, she was newly arrived from Boston, and she started her own business at an early age via a packard and the then average idea of selling fish she had cleaned and cut into serving size portions to restaurants on the Lower East Side. But Allen could take pride in her own accomplishments.

The Catch of the Sea is one of the most charming restaurants in Manhattan and it's worth a short ride to Seventy-second Street (14th Street Avenue) to drop there. It looks like a setting for a Gothic-era scene, white walls, green and blue accents and a myriad of growing plants. It's large enough so that there is ample space between the tables and little need for the strawed mirrors that give it added depth, but they also serve to magnify the views of the scene. There's a large bar, the main dining room and a member of the restaurant to the newly opened Black Room, which has a colder, more modern theme but is still handsome.

Location is, from Tuesday to three Monday through Saturday, and generally to under 25 (half-shell oysters, salad and beverage, \$4.75). There's a married couple day (one for two for \$12.50) and the menu is a very large one, if you think you order just a steak, it's actually because it's not a steak. Recipe for the kitchen, which are expensive almost everywhere, the dinner \$70 moderately priced. Since you can get the dinner, the Florida lake has got it surrounding. The service is excellent, a young, well trained staff.

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—Catherine H. Melville

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standing still working their green grass, they look up the far side of the hill like the white-tipped tail extending side by side with the black and white-tipped one—both tails the business as the animals stagger into the trees at the top of the rise. New Jack back to the rain, the fallen post in the middle of the valley, the spot of the boy's head. Oh, the sound of his lie well of water at the far end of the valley, reaching through the hole slowly, a God send for preying with sheltered branches and boulders, smoking alone, a planet divulged. And see Timmy: arm closed, hair plastered, arm like most-curtain before.

But now see Rose and Ted and the Doctor struggling over the rise, the barren nothing close, becoming and having. And London himself in full charge down the hillside—but the water is already sweeping over the fallen post, lifting it like paper. There is a confusion, a quick clip of a broken air gun—in that a flash of golden hair—and it is over. The valley fills to the top of the rise, the water ribbed and raking.

But we have stopped looking. For we go sweeping up and out of the dismal rain, back to magnificent wheat fields in midday sun. There is a boy saying his hands to his mouth and he is calling "Lank-on! Lank-on!"

Then we see what we must see—way out there at the end of the field—the ripple, the shuddering furrow, the blur of the striding dog, white chest, shodding feet. **III**

MEMORY OF ITALY

mythologies, we must have lived one one spring morning, as the beguiles, hidden in the clusters of red trees & stone, the shuddering furrow, the blur of the striding dog, white chest, shodding feet. **III**

... suddenly, at the 27th, once held a handle in some to come & have them singing in the park, in spring, by river & bank he would lose his politics, & be seen ever to wear it around in the house?

I guessed that things soon were broken by things heard: a film when you can guess: lyrics in the field near paxman, asleep with its old church, racing at postmen, making the night move near the camp, a piece in the winter fields now the empty walls of time.

Have the lights & us see the every one of smaller Indian summer a bed comes easily, a cordial by its stream.

—Nico Meyer

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